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## THE HUMOURS AND CONVERSATIONS OF THE TOWN



THE

#### **HUMOURS**

AND

#### CONVERSATIONS

OF THE

### TOWN

(1693)

BY

#### **JAMES WRIGHT**

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

#### **BRICE HARRIS**

GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA
SCHOLARS' FACSIMILES & REPRINTS
1961

# SCHOLARS' FACSIMILES & REPRINTS 118 N.W. 26th Street Gainesville, Florida, U.S.A. Harry R. Warfel, General Editor

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#### INTRODUCTION

Frequently a book which receives small public recognition in its own day will contain information that later generations will find stimulating and valuable. It may refer to numerous personalities of its day, writers and translators and men about town. It may discuss popular conceptions of literature, society, behavior, and philosophy, attitudes of the times which we now call sociology. It may, in fact, illustrate certain facets of its literary and social period in a more concise way than any one of several plays or poems that have become classic.

Such a book is The Humours and Conversations of the Town which is here presented in facsimile over two centuries and a half after its publication in 1693. The allusion hunters have rifled its contents for Shakespeare and Spenser; but Dryden, Cowley, Butler, Nat Lee, Otway, Denham, and Etherege lie here reputation-wise in their pristine states. Here, too, are Jo. Hains and charming Phyllis and Whittington and his cat as well as Mr. Rymer and Mr. Creech, abundant observations on the Royal Society and the New Science, and repeated mention of the London haunts of the beau monde and the demimonde. There is much talk of the theater, of London wits and rakehells. of coquetry and sin, and an extensive contrast of urban life with rural life that eclipses Horace's Town Mouse and Country Mouse in convivial argument.

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The book employs the popular dialogue of the day as its medium. The first and longer dialogue recounts the conversations and opinions of Mr. Jovial and Mr. Sociable as they prevail on Mr. Pensive to forgo the toils of country life and remain in London for its pleasures. The second and last dialogue concerns itself with a similar argument between Madam Townlove and Madam Thinkwell, who like Mr. Pensive adores not only the country but the pleasures of contemplation as well. The author is unknown; neither the titlepage nor the dedication is signed. The name of the author's "honour'd friend," John Jones, Esq. of Dingestow, to whom the book is dedicated, does not appear as a patron among the extensive files of patrons to which I have access. Despite some unevenness of style between the two dialogues and a diminishing interest in literary allusion in the second dialogue, one author wrote both of them: "I can say for these Dialogues ... that they are the unpremeditated Products of my Fancy, both as to Thought, and Language."

The probable author is James Wright (1643-1713), antiquary and miscellaneous writer, whose Country Conversations appeared in 1694, the year following The Humours and Conversations. A noted collector of old plays and a student of the theater, he was also an advocate of country living. In 1699 appeared his Historia Histrionica, a dialogue between Trueman and Lovewit concerning plays and players before the Restoration, reminiscent of his earlier "conversation" books though more learned. And why did Wright not acknowledge himself as author of The Humours and Conversations (if indeed he was)? Apparently he regarded it as a potboiler. "He hath also pub-

lished," observed Anthony a Wood (Athenae Oxonienses, 1721; II, 845), "little trivial things of History and Poetry meerly to get a little Money, which he will not own." Wood and Wright disliked each other heartily — Wright had once refused to give Wood a complete catalogue of his works, which he later gave Thomas Hearne (DNB, Wright). If we had access to this untraced catalogue, we might know for sure who wrote The Humours and Conversations of the Town.

The art of pleasing in conversation was most ably practiced in this century by the French, and by none so successfully as by Father Dominick Bouhours, the critic and priest whose lives of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier were translated by Dryden. L'Art de plaire dans la conversation (Paris, 1690) has indeed been attributed to Father Bouhours, doubtless incorrectly - the author was probably Ortigue de Vaumoriere. But there is no doubt that James Wright had read Father Bouhours' dialogues entitled La maniere de bien penser dans les ouvrages d'esprit (Paris, 1687). In the Preface to Country Conversations, addressed appropriately to the Wits, he says: "I made bold to borrow one of your pens last summer, and employed it meerly for a Pass-time during the Intervals of Angling, and such like Diversions of a Country Retreat. La Maniere de bien penser fell in my way. ... I endeayour'd to imitate (tho faintly, and afar off) the Original Draught of Le Pere Bouhours." Wright or not, the author of The Humours and Conversations exhibits the style and manner of Father Bouhours: elegance, ingenuity, delicacy, gallantry, and morality larded with frequent quotations, clever strokes of wit, and a preoccupation with the Greeks and Romans. It is not improbable that conversation books like these in England and France, assisted by the drama and the talk of the coffee houses, provided the mideighteenth century novelist with models for dialogue and conversation.

These conversations embrace many subjects that are dear to the heart of the Restoration scholar. Our author is aware of the growth and importance of the Character as a type of literature. He characterizes a Beau, a Rakehell, and a Wit (pp. 58-62), for example, in striking terms worthy of the best anthologies. Several other pages throughout the book are given over to Characters.

By the 1690's the New Science has lost temporarily some of its momentum, but our author refers frequently to its impact. Thus Pensive observes that he would rather "pore upon the puzling point of a Perpetual Motion, or fixing the Longitude" (p. 10) than come within forty miles of the highly seasoned and slightly tainted life of London. He knows that many members of the Royal Society live in London (p. 93), but he will peruse their findings in his country study where he may enliven his hours with the "Machines of Descartes" (p. 41) and the "grave starch'd Debates of the Motions of the Earth, the Magnetical Quality of the Load-stone, the Saline Quality of the Sea" (p. 50), and other "Experimental Observations, which give us a light into the Wonders of Nature, and Material Beings" (p. 54).

Translators and the art of translation take up a large share of the discussions, and there is good talk about translation as opposed to imitation (pp. 66-67). Our author knows intimately all of the current critical writers — Rapin, Rymer, Creech, Dryden, Boileau — and he weaves their

verdicts fairly deftly into the conversation. He quotes contemporary and recent English authors easily and frequently and occasionally, at unnecessary length, Latin and French a bit more cautiously.

He has obviously worshipped at the shrine of Epicurus and Lucretius, grasping every opportunity to praise gardening, country life, and rural contemplation. But he knows London well, and his familiarity with London place names would do honor to Defoe, Gay, Tom Brown, or Ned Ward. Jovial and Sociable make London a much more attractive and appealing place than Pensive makes the country. While the wits are being explicit about the delightful offerings in London, Pensive never mentions a stream, a village, a hill, or a farm by its name. In fact, one is reminded here of Browning's "Up at a Villa," in which the impoverished nobleman describes the town, where he thinks he wants to live, in prosaic terms, but waxes poetic when he describes the Villa, which he pretends to despise.

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BRICE HARRIS

State College, Pennsylvania 12 November 1959

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THE

## Humours,

AND

## CONVERSATIONS

OF THE

## TOWN,

Expos'd in Two

## DIALOGUES,

The First, of the MEN.

The Second, of the WOMEN.

LONDON,

Printed for R. Bentley, in Russel-Street, in Covent-Garden, and J. Tonson, at the Judge's-Head in Chancery-Lane. 1693.



#### TO MY

# Honourd Friend,

JOHN JONES,

# Dingestow, Esquire

Honoured Sir,

Was no easie matter
to find a Patron for
so General a Satire as these
two Dialogues Contain;
since the Vices, and Follies
they expose, spread themselves so far through Mankind, that sew, very sew are
A 2 free

free from some Tincture of them. This Consideration, would, I confess, bave prevail'd on me to have Publish'd them Naked, and without any Patron, bad not my restless desire of giving a Publick Testimony of the value I have for your Merit, Presented You, Sir, as a Man out of the reach of all that I have said in this (mall Volume, and indeed, of all true Satire.

You have tasted the Pleasures of the Town, but

not

not fed on'em to a Surfeit, as most that have your Youth, and your Fortune, and that at their own Command, use to do: Youth cou'd not betray you to the Follies of the Town, nor Riches to its Vices: Your Nice and Solid Judgement, gave you, from the Observations on the Transgressions of others, an early, and unrepented Experience, to preserve you from the first; and your own innate Temperance, securid you A 3 from

from the infection of the latter: Your Moderation in all things cut off all excess, and your Generosity, and Love to such as you Honour'd with the Title of Friend, permitted you not so to over-value the Goods of Fortune, as to prefer them to God-like Compassion, or the Heroick Service of your Friend.

Men generally arrive at Wisaom by such rugged steps of self-experience, that the advantage it brings in

Age,

Age, seems not to compensate the Price we pay for it in all our Life before, of Health, and Fortune. But with you it bas grown acquainted in your Youth, and taught you to retire from the pursuit of Noise, and Nonsense in this Town, to the calm retreat of your Paternal Inberitance, there to Converse with the best part of the best of the Dead; their Wit in their Works; mithout being Oblig'd to dalb that Pleasure with the daily impertinencies of

 $A_4$ 

of the Living, which Conversation in Cities forces
upon us. I must tell you
this, my Friend, That as I
admire your Choice, so I
envy it, yet only as a Friend
may; repining that I can't
have the same happiness,
without any desire of diminishing yours.

But this Retreat of yours, ought indeed to have deter'd me from Dedicating any of my lighter Performances to you, since, as you have Judgment, so you have Lei-sure

(ure to examine them more severely. But the Charm of a Friend will I hope cast a Vail o'er my Faults, and make You Espouse them with all their Defects. This I can say for these Dialogues, if that be any Excuse, that they are the unpremeditated Products of my Fancy, both as to Thought, and Language, without the Cultivation of my Judgment, which would both have added, and diminiso'd, if I had been Master of my own time. The Satire

Satire is not meanly direded against any particular Person, aiming only at the Follies and Vices too many are infected with. I cou'd never much value their Performances, nor at all agree with their Notion of Satire, who make no distinction betwixt the Person, and the Folly or Vice: For my Friend might bave some of them, which my Love for him wou'd make me desire to Reform, without any Personal Reflection; that being the

the effect of a Private and Poor Revenge, below the Generous Indignation that shou'd inspire true Satire. If, therefore, any find themselves touch'd, they ought to make a Right Use of it, and Correct those Failings, wbich render them liable to Ridicule, and Laughter.

But I shall not be very Sollicitous about the General Reception of this Book; if it does but Contribute to your Diversion, at your more The Epistle Dedicatory.

more unbended Hours,

it wou'd be an extream

Satisfaction to him, Sir,

that is Proud of Subscribing bimself

Your Friend, and

Humble Servant,

#### THE

Humours and Constitutions

OF THE

## TOWN,

EXPOS'D:

# DIALOGUE

Betwixt

Mr. Jovial, Mr. Penfive, and Mr. Sociable.

#### S C E N E, the Fields.

Enter Mr. Jovial, and Mr. Pensive Booted and Spurr'd, just ready to take Horse for the Country.

S you love me, Coulin Jovial, let's make hafte out of the scent of this abominable Town; methinks it swells of Sodom and Comorrah,

thinks it swells of Sodom and Comorrah, and will, I verily believe, have the

fame fate. What a continual hurry and noise is here? the Clamours of a Country Mob at the choice of a Knight of the Shire, is no more than the beating of a Tabour? One wou'd wonder its Inhabitants cou'd ever sleep, for I protest, I cou'd scarce get one sound nap at this distance, so that I begin to think, the yelping of your Hounds the

harmony of the Spheres.

Jov. The truth on't is, dear Penfive, as Comly said of Eternity, 'tis an
Eternal NOW; so the uninterrupted
hurry of this great HIVE is one continual Buz, the only possible perpetual Motion. But I am glad it has made a Convert of thee to the noble and manly
sport of Hunting, and I hope now I
shall have thy Company sometimes in
that divertisement, for 'tis unreasonable to be coop'd up always, as thou art,
like a Cinic, in thy Tub of a Study, thou
shou'dst let thy Body, as well as thy
Mind, sometimes walk at large.

Penf. I cou'd be a Convert to any thing, on condition to be deliver'd

from this damn'd Town.

Jov. Well, dear Couz, have but a little patience, and we'll make our Horses sty, like a Stag pursu'd through

the

the Forrest by my Whirlewind, Kill-

buck, and Make-swift.

Penf. Let's therefore turn back again to our Inn, for by this time our Horses must be ready, and we lose time till we are on the Spur.

Jov. Agreed.— [They turn toward their Inn.] Hold up thy head, Pensive, and take a last farewel-look of this overgrown City, see how it spreads it felf every day, like the Follies it con-

tains.

Penf. I had rather look up to see the welcome prospect of your House. The sight of this Town torments me with the memory of the fatigues it has given me; for tho' we took Lodgings here in these Fields, that we might keep our selves alive with a distant view of that bliss which business deny'd us, yet I have not had one jot of content, nor shall, till I get forty or sifty mile beyond the smell, hearing, or sight on't.

Jov. Nay, the time has feem'd so tedious to me too, that I can scarce perswade my self, but that, as a Drawer in a Tavern at Midnight, belyes us an hour or two, to engage our longer stay, so the Sun has palm'd upon us at least

two days for one.

B 2 Psnf.

Pens. And nights too. For I'll be sworn, it has seem'd an Age to me, fill'd with more Impertinences, than a Court Visit, or a Country Sermon.

#### Enter Mr. SOCIABLE.

Soc. And I, dear Jovial, to see thee, than a half-broken-Gamester to meet a Wealthy Bubble, or an Usurer a Spendthrist-Heir-Apparent to a good Essate, but my dear Knight, where and how hast thou liv'd this many a day? — and how long hast thou been in Town?

Jou. A whole long redions WEEK,

upon my Honour.

Soc. And where hast thou hid thy self from the view of Mortal Eyes, that a Man cou'd never see thee by day, nor by night? What, didtt procure an invisible Cloak, like Sir Aneas at Car-

shage?

fow. No, no; a far worse expedient—for all the Morning I have been consin'd to Westminster, among the bawling Black-Robe at the Bar, or oblig'd to attend in the Hall, among the buzzing Attorneys, Sollicitors, and Petty-foggers, and their Meat and Drink, the Litigious of all sorts and sizes, who were preparing Perjury and bad Causes with Gold, to make them go down the more glibly in the Court.

Soc. Well——but if mighty Business took up all your Mornings, cou'd you not find one Elimosinary hour in an Afternoon or Evening, to bestow upon an Old Friend, over a Chirping Business.

tle?

B 3 where

where I might, betwixt ev'ry Glass, have had a refreshing look at the Coun-

try.

Sociable, my Cousin, here, and I, being subpana'd up for Witnesses, were ev'ry day oblig'd, from Westminster-Hall to go to the Tavern to Dinner with the Plaintis, whose Cause we appear'd in; and by that time we had ended, and taken one digestive Bottle, my Cousin, impatient of the noise of the Streets, hurried me away to my Lodgings, so that I cou'd never find an opportunity to wait upon you.

Pen. I cou'd almost wish, I had ne'er known how to've writ my Name, for then I might have scap'd being a VVis-ness, nor had been subpæna'd up now, to attend the Term: but I am resolv'd never to testisse again, and rather lose half my Estate, than be forc'd to endure another Week in this place.

Soc. I'm forry to hear that, Sir, for I was in hopes, now the term is ended, that Mr. Jovial would give me one week's enjoyment of his company, after fo many years of absence; in which time, Sir, you might take a survey of the Rarities of this City.

Pens.

Penf. I have seen more of it already, than I desire; and if Mr. Jovial be so mad, to sling away precious time on such Trisses as this Town affords, I'm resolv'd to leave him, and take Horse

immediately.

Soc. Why, Sir? You make more haste into the Country, than an Actorney, who has not litigious Suits enough of his own creating, to defray the charges of one odd night's Lodging beyond his usual stint. But, I hope, my dear Jovial you are not for so quick a dispatch?

Fou. Even so, dear Sociable; for had we not met you, we had both been mounted by this time, and on the

Road.

Soc. What, without feeing me?—without io much as enquiring after me?—Has Wedlock and Hubandry made you forget all the tyes of friend-

ship so far?

fov. Wrong me not, Friend, for I fent my Man to all the Taverns, and Coffee-Houses (to omit other Houses) betwixt Westminster-Hall, and Aldgate, I think, but no news to be heard of you.—So that I concluded you div'd after some Intrigue, and then I B 4 thought

thought it would be to as little purpose to seek you, as to follow the Chace

upon a wrong scent.

Soc. Right, Jovial, or to look for Sence in a Modern System of Divinity, or Generosity in Lombard-street: For to tell thee the truth, I have within these few days taken a Lodging in that Street there, in pursuit of one of the Prettiest, Balmy, Innocent Creatures you ever beheld with your eyes-She lives in that same House, dear Rogue, has no Mother, or Father, and only an Old Doating Aunt for her Guardian; a tractable Girl for her Servant, whom I have several ways oblig'd. and about some thirty thousand pound for her Fortune; and I am resolv'd. that I may gain the good graces of the Aunt, to put on the useful Vizour of Sobriety, for a while, and look as demurely as a Country Girl just come to Town, before she has lost her Maidenhead.

Jov. This is the best Design I ever knew thee engag'd in, and therefore I wish thee Success; for I hope 'twill make thee quit this lewd Town-Life, and give me the happiness of having thee for my Neighbour in the Country, where where we'll renew our old Union, while I discover such a Train of manly Pleasures to thee, that thou wilt be asham'd of having lost so much of thy Youth in the pursuit of Noise, and Nonsense; and I'm consident thou'lt give thy self over entirely to a Coun-

try Life.

Soc. What, wholly for sake delicious London? For ever make the disadvantageous change of the brisk Juice of the Grape, for the heavy Product of Mult and Water? The lively Conversation of the Town, for the thoughtless Gravity of a Country Justice? No, no, Knight, I have a nicer Relish of Pleasure than that comes to; nay, I wou'd almost for swear my dear Silvia, I tell you of, if I thought that wou'd be the Consequence of my loving her.

70v. Ha! ha! ha! I find you continue your old humour of preferring the nauseous Fatigues of a City Life, to the calm Retreat, and healthy Di-

vertisements of the Country.

Soc. Why—what shou'd alter me? Have you more pleasure? More sonse, or more honesty in the Country, than we have here? I never cou'd find but that a Peasant had as much Knavery in

B 5 his

his Dealings, in proportion to his Capacity, as a City Shop-keeper; or that my young Master, of Eighteen, was less lewd than a Town Rake, tho' in a more Clownish and awker'd manner: Vice and Folly are Universal, and the same in the Country as in the Town, only we have 'em dress'd at Pontack's, and you at a Three-penny-Ordinary: You eat that crude and raw, which we have the advantage to have serv'd up with good Sauce, and variety of Dishes, to give it the better relish.

Pen. Much good may't do you, Sir, with your relist. I am sure I had rather be oblig'd to pore upon the puzling point of a Perpetual Motion, or fixing the Longitude, than come within forty miles of the smell of the Hought-goust, if I were once well got out on't.

you. Right, dear Pensive; and I wou'd rather be Condemn'd to eternal Preaching, the lazy Coach, and the Parion's Company, than wear out half as much time again, as I have been

kept here this bout.

Soc. You were of another mind when you and I came from the University together, then none more blish and gay than Jovial, nor any a greater Admirer

Admirer of London; there was not a Ball, a Masque, Serenade, or any publick Meeting, but Mr. Jovial was the leading Man in't, 'till a damn'd Visit to thy Uncle in the Country got thee into the fatal Noose, and so debauch'd thy Nobler Principles into an antipathy to what you once admir'd. The very thought on't has almost set my stomach against Wedlock; but that I think I shall make a choice more agreeable to my humour; for my little Tit, if I mistake not, loves the Town, as well as my self.

Jov. Which, by the by, is none of the most commendable Qualities, I think, Sociable, in a fair Lady, whatever

it may be in a Man.

Pen. If you have been bred at the University, Sir, methinks the Charms of Philosophy, or some other Learning, shou'd engage you beyond the thought-

less hurry of the Town.

Soc: Why, faith, Sir, the greatest Fruit I reap'd at the University was, that Reason ought to be the chief Directrix of my Life; and I think I have follow'd her Ladyship hitherto pretty close in my way of living.

Pen. You speak a Paradox, Sir, and will need the subtilty of a Sophister to maintain it.

Pen. I apprehend no such difficulty in the matter: For Reason tells us, that it is a Folly to spend ones Time on Uncertainties, when one may improve it better; now all your Speculative Knowledge is built upon so weak a Founda-tion, that it's tost to and fro continually, with different, nay opposite gusts of Argument, which has left every thing that is advanc'd in Books in doubt, and only clear'd this Point, That none of you know what the Truth is, any further than a Probable Conjecture will reach, which is far enough from Certainty; all your Studies ending in a bare Amusement, whereas we daily experience the Grateful Effects of our Search in substantial pleasure. If therefore you grant (what I think is self evident) that Knowledge to be the best, which brings the greatest Satisfaction to the Mind, by experimental demonstration, you must confess the Town ought to be preferr'd to the Country; fince you can't deny, but that Conversation will sooner bring one to the knowledge of Mankind (the Nobleft

blest part of the Creation, and the most worthy of our Study) than Books, and consequently to the knowing of ones ielf. Thus far I my self have proceeded (that am yet an Under-graduate) in this admirable Science, which the Grecian Priggs attributed to the Command of their God Apollo, that I find our Life is but short, and balderdash'd enough with the plaguy Mixtures of Crosses and Fatigues to our hands, without our contributing to the Abuse by increasing them: And from this I conclude, That since we have but a little time to live, and fince even That is none of the most pleasant, we ought not to antidate our death, and turn our Chambers into Churchyards, and Charnel-Hooses, but improve the fleeting Minutes with Delight and Pleasure, and shut those intruding Solitudes out of door, whilst Health and Youth permit.

Jov. You mistake your Point, Sir; We deny you not Pleasure, nor wou'd confine you to the wosal Ditty of a perpetual Requiem for your Soul before its Passage; nor would we have you, like Heraclism, weeping to no purpose, for those Ills Fate has alotted to

Humane

Humane Life, and which all our Solicitudes will never avert. But we contend you aim at Pleasure where 'tis not to be found, as is incomparably described by a great Poet.

Excess of Luxury they think can please,

And Laziness call Loving of their

To be dissolv'd in Pleasures still they feign,

Tho' their whole Life's but Intermitting Pain:

So much of Surfeits, Head-Ach, Claps are seen;

We scarce perceive the little time between.

Well-meaning-Men, who make this gross mistake,

And Pleasure lose, only for Pleasure's

Each Pleasure has its price, and when we pay

Too much of Pain, we squander Life away.

You destroy that Health which you seem to value, in the chase of that Quarry which will never be gain'd, but

to the ruine of your satisfaction, and destruction of that Happiness you aim at; bringing Old Age and Weathermarks on you before you have run half your Course. If you will have Pleasure, seek it where Nature first design'd it, in the Country, where the wholesome Air, the green Fields, the Flowry Meads, Purling Brooks, and the melodious Birds, the true Harmony of the Spheres, give new life every time you stir abroad, where the Divertisements attribute to Health as well as Pleasure.

Soc. Methinks you have given but a poor Idea of your happiness as yet, when you place it in the Conversation of Brutes, and the Prospect of insensible Animals. Nor can I imagine, how you can expect to perswade me from the love of the Town, when you pretend to no Advantage above me; nor come up to the Excellence I enjoy. you converse with Beasts, as your Dogs and Horses, &c. Is that comparable to the Conversation of Men of sense? and Fine Charming Ladies, bright as that Heaven whose Image they discover? If you have the irregular and rude Notes of Birds for Musick, we have them better better taught in Cages here, which if we wanted, we have all the Noble Embelishments of Art, with the variety of Instruments, as well as Sounds, which is the Harmony above the Spheres. If you Converse with the Dead, we enjoy the Living, nor are we without the Pleasure of Books, and Retirement when we please.

Pen. But Noise, and Hurry, the disorders of Drinking and Whoring, those wretched Compounds which make up all your Lives, render you incapable

of Thinking well.

Fov. Or of relishing of the other Pleasures he mention'd; a continual use of some of them especially clogging the Appetite, and creating an indifference in the most delightful things; so that you Whore, you Drink, you go to the Play, the Musick-Meetings, &r. out of meer Custom, not Desire. Then for Books, 'tis only to sport an Author in a Bookseller's Shop, and that commonly some scurrilous Pamphlet, or a Novel at Bensley's, or Briscoe's, or some new Miscellany of Trisses, forgot as fast as read, and not worth the remembring.

Pen. And then his Retirement is no farther than his Chamber, or Closet, perhaps

perhaps where he has all the Noise of the Town to divert him from sedate thinking: There is nothing a greater injury to the Life of a Philosopher,

than the Hurry of the City.

Soc. Pardon me, Sir, I find all the Philosophers of Old Assembled themselves into Societies; and Athens, the busiest City of Greece, was the place of their usual Abode; not the Tub of Diogenes, of whose Wisdom I cou'd never yet hear much proof; all that he cou'd pretend to, was, That he car'd for no body but himself. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, were Men that Convers'd with Mankind, as well as Books, they never else had made so great a noise in the World; and if we may be at liberty to take the obvious sense of some of Plato's Verses, we shall find he knew how to relish a Kiss as well as Alcibiades.

Pen. Ah, Sir, the Examples you produce of the Philosophers, will make very little for your Cause: For they were remov'd from Hurry when they Study'd, and when they Taught: their Gardens, their Gymnasia, &c. were proper Retirements for them. Besides that which oblig'd them to live in Athens.

thens, will scarce serve you for living in London. They were Profess'd Masters in Philosophy, each the Head of a Particular Sect, which they desired to impart to Followers of their own, by that to propagate what they thought a Truth, or to build up a Name with Posterity, which could not be effected but in a City. But I hope you design for no New Sect, nor to set up a School of Philosophy, which has no other end now, than the establishing a particular Happiness, leaving the disfusing the knowledge of it to the Universities.

Jov. This is but rambling Discourse, let us go in here to our Quarters, and there discuss the Point more to the purpose; for I must confess, dear Sociable, I love there so well, that I wou'd spend one day more in Town to make a Convert of there to Right Reason; and I question not, but when we have dislected your City Life, and come to a particular account of it in all its parts, you will be convinced of your Errour. I believe I may for so good a work trespass

on my Cousin's patience.

Pen. Such a work, I must confess, wou'd recompence the delay of our Journey; but let us get into the most airy Room of the House.

Soc. Agreed——Well, this is a good pleasurable Room, but let us have a Bottle or two of the best Wine the house affords, to give us a whet or two between whiles; 'tis as necessary, as Notes to the Parson in the Pulpit.

Jov. Gad the motion is but reasonable—but 'tis a hard matter to get good Wine, between this and Charing-Cross, I'll therefore dispatch my Man to the Blew Posts for a Flask of the best they have, and in the mean time we'll content our selves with what our Host can furnish us with, the best in its kind—Well, now we are seated, and all our Auxiliaries about us, let us to the Point, Cousin, of making a Proselyte of this Sociable.

soc. If you have but as much to say against the Town, as I have against the Country, I fancy 'twill happen with us, as it did with two Brothers in a Dispute of Religion, one was a Papist, the other a Protestant, and each made the other a Convert to the Opinion he sorsook himself: If so, Jovial, 1'll mount your Horse, and ride down, and take possession of your Lady Wise, as lawful Prize, and you shall supply my place to mine that must be; but what

your Coufin wou'd do for a piece of

Confolation, I know not.

Jov. Ha! ha! ha! never be follicitous about that; for if such a Miracle shou'd happen, Heav'n be prais'd, the Town affords enough of compassionate Females, who will soon solace his Sorrows, and supply his Wants that way.

Pens. Sed tamen amoto queramus seria

indo.

Soc. Nay, I bar Latin and Greek, as of Pagan Extraction, and if I must be worsted, it shall be in good Christian English: Nor will I be confin'd to the grave starch'd seriosity of a Sylogistical Argumentation, that must be no more laid aside than a Covenant Beard, or a Canonical Gown.

Jov. Nay, to speak the truth, 'twere unreasonable to deny you any advantage you can desire, since you engage with two Enemies in so bad a Cause.

Perf. To begin therefore with Childbood, when Virtue or Vice makes the first and easiest impressions. The Children in the City are taught to forget all that is decent in a Child, the Parents care being to bring them to a bold Considence, which ends in the Contempt of those that begot them; and this they miscall Wit, and hopeful forwardness; they allow them to encrease in these Follies, all the criminal Liberty their

Age is capable of making use of.

Fov. And, as if they were asraid their Children (hou'd not be wicked foon enough, they instruct them in the terms of Vice, before they are capable of understanding the meaning of them, against their early Experience inform them better. They teach them to Swear before they can Pray, and to talk bawdy before they can read.

Pens. On the contrary, that Bashfulness which Nature imparts to that Innocent Age, is cherished in the Country, as the Friend to those Virtues which shou'd be instill'd, or confirm'd in them: 'Tis more reasonable to preserve their Native Innocence, than to expect they shou'd meet with a later Repentance; and that must be gain'd by laying a good foundation of Virtue in the very first approaches of Reason.

Soc. Ah, Gentlemen, you are as far out of your way, as a Traveller in a dark night, that has follow'd a Will in the Wisp for the most part on't; or a Lawyer that's pleading on a false Bre-

viate:

viate: That generous Assurance which we use Children to in the City, inspires Noble Thoughts, and lays the foundation of Wit and Courage, which will sprout out where it has liberty, but is stifled where Nature is curb'd and kept in awe: You in the Country lay the foundation of Dulness in Childhood, by confining a Boy of five years old to as much Gravity before his Lady Mother, nay, and before the Servants too, as if he bent under the weight of fifty years. You smother that animating vigour in its birth, which shou'd bear them through the World when grown up. Modesty is a starving Quality, and only another Name for Folly, it ought to be rooted out of Children, if you wou'd have them thrive, and not be the ridicule of the World, and the property of ev'ry impoling Coxcomb.

Penf. That Virtue, I confess, is not of much use in the Town, but in the Country 'tis not at all obnoxious to those inconveniencies you urge, but on the contrary gains Honour from their

Inferiors, and Respect from all.

Jov. But then for the youth of the Town, Cousin, what a prospect is there of endless Follies? What a wild medly

medly of Nonsense, Noise, Intrigue, Quarrels, Drunkenness? &c. What a mad thoughtless interval of Life; Billes-deux and Challenges, Dresling, Visits; the Cosse-house, and Play-house; the Tavern and Sleep is the whole business of night and day; the Order of Nature is inverted, Night and Day

changing places.

Pens. Here 'tis they lay up stores of Poxes, Claps, and Scars, whilst they lavish their other Stores of Wealth, Youth, and Health, without one sober reslection. Here they make their pleafant Seats in the Country st, for the purchase of the Embraces of some practis'd Harlot instead of a Maid, and whose Maiden-head had been sold to half a hundred before him.

Honour, the young Cully shall keep her till she has drain'd him of all his E-state, and then sends him out a grazing like Nebucadnezzar, with scarce a Shirt to his back, a scandal ev'n to the Bullies of Alsaia. But if he has a better Fate attends him than he deserves, and so much Cunning, as not to ruin himself to gratise her Pride and Luxury, he must expect to be, at best, but her Property,

Property, whom she will jilt as often as any opportunity offers it self; for no man ever yet kept a Woman, but she wou'd grant her Favours to any man else that wou'd address to her. soon as the Kind Keeper is withdrawn, the Hack is in readiness, away speeds the Whore to her retreat of Fornication; this day to one, to morrow to to another: When her Appetite is satisfy'd, or her time requires it, she hastens home, washes, new riggs, and seats her self, with some Novel or Play, in a very solitary posture, till her Spark returns (whose motions she has always as certain advice of, as a Commander has of those of an Enemy) she meets him with a thousand forc'd Carelles, the Fool melts away with her Kisses, and concludes her the most constant pretty cooing Turtle in the Nation, defies the World to Rival him, and hugs himself in the extravagance of his fancy'd Happiness; the Jilt perceives it, and then either squeezes out of him a new Petticoat, or Manto; or perhaps closes in with his fondness, and betrays him to Matrimony, and then she makes him a Cuckold according to Law.

Penf. There is another fort of Youths, that spend their Time and their Money even less agreeable to Nature than these; I mean, in Gameing.

Jov. Right, Cousin; for sure, if in any thing that of Hudibras be true,

The pleasure sure's as great In being cheated, as to cheat;

'Tis in the Intrigues and Amours with the Fair: But at Seven and Eleven to shake away an Estate to known Rooks that live by the Dice, is an unaccountable piece of folly; nay, and to take such wondrous pains to be cheated, as to break ones whole nights rest at the Groom-Porters, to lose Eight Hundred, or a Thousand pound in the midst of a thousand Curses, Vexations, and baulk'd wishes, is such an odd Recreation, that I profess I am as far to seek in the Cause of it, as I am why the State permits such Extravagancies.

Penf. And so am I, as far as I am to seek in the Cause of the ebbing and slowing of the Sea, or of the Productions of several Creatures, yea, of any other Secret in Nature, which Philosophy, as yet, gives but blind guesses at.

C Fov.

Jov. All they shall gain from their dear Experience, is but Want and Contempt, unless some compassionate Knight of the Elbow qualifie them to turn Sharpers, and instruct them to pick up an ungenerous Living by the same means that they lost their Estates: But this is the highest pitch of happiness they can hope; and as they have spent the beginning of their Age in being cheated, so they must spend the remainder in cheating others; till for want of Practice, perhaps, or Overconsidence in their Skill, they are discovered, and receive the gentle bastinade, or the severer stab, and so put a wretched Conclusion to their soolish Lives.

Penf. How differently do our Youth in the Country spend their time?—

Soc. True, Sir, very differently, I confess, but the advantage I think lies much on the Town side; for Childhood and Youth are so very much alike in the Country, that 'twou'd puzzle a good Logician to find a tolerable distinction for 'em; for 'tis all compos'd of everlasting Satchel, School, Play-days, Truants, Birds-nests, Swimming, robbing of Orchards, and the like; unless

One, perhaps, extraordinary in his Generation, chance to be so very forward, as to get into the Chamber-maids quarters, and make terrible bavock of Maiden-heads among his Father's Tenants Daughters: But that is the height of his Manhood. For the generality, they are but petty Striplings, scarce out of their Slabbering-bibs, when our Youth in Town have serv'd a Campaign, with Cap and Feather, and Embroidered Coat, among the roaring Guns and groans of dying Men.

Jov. Or rather among the roaring Mouth-Granado's of Oaths, and the Shrieks of Ravish'd-Maids, or those that wou'd be thought to be fo, the Lamentations of cheated Bands, the Scuffles of bilk'd Coachmen, and Vollies of Duns of believing Vintners, Tailors, Sempstresses, and the rest of the trusting Shop keepers. The height of their Manhood is a modish Tilt upon a foolish hot-headed punctilio, when Wine or Passion, not Courage, prompts them to't; or an Engagement with a Detachment of Bayliss after their Credit fails 'em, and ev'n the Fraternity of Stifted refuse all their Obligations, to supply their their present wants; but for Campaigns and Guns, I believe few of em ere came near any, unless the quandam peaceable one of Hownslow-heath, or the Noble Mustre of your City Mermydons in High park, in their formidable Bust-Coats of-Mail, and

Tin and Silver Head-pieces.

Pens. But whilst the Youth of the Town are in chase of Ruin and Rottenness, ours in the Country are improving in the knowledge of their own Affairs, and thinking of an honest and wholsom propagation of their Families, by marrying with some Innocent and Virtuous Lady of equal Quality, who brings not only unfophilticated Beauty, but a good Fortune too; whilft the man of Mode here in Town, after he has spent, or at best, weaken'd his Estate with Drinking, Gaming, and Whoring, takes up with a damn'd Jilt at last for a Wife, who instead of repairing the Breaches of his Fortune, makes 'em wider, till he's quite ruin'd in his Purse as well as Reputation and Happiness.

Jov. And then he must wander up and down the Temple Walks, or those of Grays Ian, picking his Teeth, to make

the World think he has been at a good Meal, when Duke Humphrey was his Host; then if he meet a Friend in the Street that presses to drink a Bottle, his Pockets are so empty, that they will not reach a penny Club for an honest pot of English Ale and Beer; therefore he pretends wondrous hasty business to avoid the scandal of having no Money, tho' he has no more to do than a Souldier in time of Peace, or a Lawyer in the long Vacation: Whilst, in the mean while, his Lady Wife, if she be a Whore of that Conscience to stick to him in his Adversity, is sain ev'ry night to make the Voyage of the Strand, Fleetstreet, Old-Baily, &c. in fearch of some Six-penny Adventure, but if Fate and good Fortune afford her a free Cully of half a Crown, and a pint of Wine, she sails home loaded with a richer Cargo than a Ship from the East-Indies, and her loving Spouse receives her with open Arms, regales it with a Tost and Ale, or, perhaps, a Cup of cool Nants, to drive away the raging Wind from his empty Stomach.

Pens. This is following the Dictates of Reason with the vengeance,

3 Jov.

Jov. Nay, the truth on't is, they have nick'd Reason, as sure as a Buckaneer his mark, or a Clyent in giving his Lawyer double Fees, that his

Caule may be well followed.

Pens. But if he shou'd have the luck to continue single so long, as to have a little consideration of his condition, the small remainder of his Stock is laid out in rich Equipage, to win the Heart of some suppos'd Fortune; and there he's generally as much mistaken, as a zealous Philosopher, that stands to his socish Opinion at the loss of his dear life.

Jov. Or a Country Justice, that has mittaken his Statute, and inslicted a greater punishment than he can justify, or a Spark that mistakes the Chambermaid for the Mistress.

Soc. Hold, hold, Gentlemengad a Man can no more put in a word with you, than with Jo. Hains, or some of our Coffee-house Holdersforth. I find two to one is too great odds.

Jov. What do you begin to despair of your Cause? Gad, Mr. Sociable, 'tis as bad an Omen as a Visit from the Parson, when the Physicians have given

one over: You seem'd to have a great deal more Considence in your Cause but now, when you took such compas-

sionate care for my Cousin here.

Soc. Ah fweet Mr. Jovial, you miflake me quite, I only defire I may put in a word, in answer, as often as I have a mind, else I might as well have been confin'd to Syllogising, that damn'd starch'd method of the Schools.

Pens. Oh, by all means, Sir, Object and Return, as often as you please. I defie you to parallel the Follies and Vices of the Town with the shadows of such

in the Country.

Gov. No, you may search a whole County for two or three, unless in a populous Town, for there they make what advances they can towards your Vices and Follies; but here in London they are so numerons, that no place but presents you with hundreds, they are as obvious as a Whore in Moor fields, a Beggar in Lincolns Inn-fields, a Beaux at Tom Wrains, a Parson at Sams; but to proceed to them in their order.

Penj. Then being come to Man's estate and middle-age, when in the Country we are in our prime, they are overtaken with all the decrepidness and

C 4 desells,

defects of Old-age, trembling Limbs, a debilitated Body, and unfound Mind.

Jov. Well may they be said to have liv'd apace, for they reach the Goal of Life, before we get half way; but much good may it do them with their haste; if they make not more haste than good speed, I am much mistaken, Pensive.

Soc. Gad, in the Country, you can call 'em at best but overgrown boys, having not yet arriv'd to the Understanding, and Conversation of a City Prentice, being better acquainted with the Names of their Dogs, the Forms where to find a Hare; or at most, the squezing and harassing their Tenants, than with the noble Science of Converfation, for which man was first design'd. But if he has the uncommon fate to be given to Books, one had better engage with a Quack on his Stage, or a Simpling Apothecary with all his train of Botanic's; for he shan't speak six words without a phrase of Latin or Greek at the end of 'em; and a conceited School-master is but a stripling in Pedantry to him,

Pens. That Pedantry which you condemn, and of which very few are

guilty

guilty, is much more rational, than the larding your Discourse with needless Oaths and Imprecations, at every other word, or perpetual Obscenity; as if Man were made, and Convertation design'd for nothing else but to talk of the most beastly Parts and Acts that belong to Humane Race, which carry that shame in all Countreys, that the Parts as well as Offices of them are hid from publick view, such a brand of Infamy has Nature her self imprinted on them: And I dare be so bold to say, That Heav'n ordain'd not that way of propagating Mankind as the most excellent, but only to put us in mind of the Frailty and Contemptibleness of our Being, which ow'd its rise to the same sordid cause as the Bruits do theirs; that so from our beginning to our end we might have continual motives to lessen our aspiring Pride.

Jov. But admit the Men in the Country such raw unpolish'd Boys, such Pedants as Mr. Sociable wou'd make them, they have still the advantage of having kept their Innocence as well as Estate, when those in Town have not only lost both, but ev'n the Memory of them. 'Tis a sign we buse our Minds with Affairs

C 5 less

less Crimical, as the improving our Paternal Inheritances, and endeavouring to convey that better to our Posterity, which we have receiv'd from our Ancestors; the Publick receives advantage from our Employments, our planting of Timber furnishes Materials for the future Safety and Glory of our Nation, in the Shipping; our improving our Lands encreases the Provisions of the Kingdom, and make plenty flow more largely; nay, there is scarce a guilty Action of our lives. If we retire to our Study, the Speculations of Philosophy, the Transactions of History, or the Constitutions of our Government afford us a pleasant as well as profitable Entertainment: If we are curious in Enquiries into Nature, the Fields, Hills, and our Gardens, the Mineral, Vegicable, and Animal Kingdoms afford us variety enough for our fearch. Such as these are the things that employ our Minds, and keep them from that idleness which breeds those wanton desires, of which your City Life is compos'd.

Pens. At this Age we are established in the Principles and Practice of Reason; when some of you, City Sparks,

being

being taught by the sensible Penalties they seel, of loss of Health and Estate, begin to consider, and then retire into the Country, to the tenth part of that Estate they were born to; and then to heal that shame of living less than their Birch and Education require, they betake themselves to the study of Philosophy, that they may learn how little Nature is content with.

Jov. Others of your Town Beaux and Rakes, continue the follies of their Youth, but have the advantage of being receiv'd by the younger fry, as Masters in their Profession, and their Judgments are appeal'd to by them in all nice points of Dress, Amour and Exploit. Some whose Purses won't hold out to persevere to the end, if they are stock'd with a little superficial Learning, a small stock of Wit, and have been well practis'd in writing Billet deux, set up for Authors, and so for the continuation of one Captivity add another Slavery to't; that is, that they may be still Cullies and Vassals to Whores and Bauds, to the Bottle or the Dye, they add the worst of all the impoling Service of the Booksellers: Some aspire higher, and by large Quotations tations to a little Book, borrowed from Burton's Melancholy, or some Common-Law-Book, get the Reputation of profound Scholars; and so cheating the ignorant Women, and more ignorant Beaux and Wits, who admire any thing they understand not, of a Reputation, draw the Booksellers to make their Court to them. Another way they have to obtain this End, is, to advance some new Opinion of Wit, Poetry, &c. set off with a Presatory Essay in desence of their Opinion; and this certainly takes with all, gaining the Author not only Reputation with the Dealers in Wit, but also with the minor Criticks (that is, ev'ry ignorant Reader) and wondrous esteem with the fair Ladies, so that he may save the expence of a Baw'd, and Whore upon more reasonable terms, his Works having pimp'd more effectually for him.

Penf. Another, who by all his Conversation or Expence of Time and Money, cou'd gain no other Excellence, but the enriching of his Face, or furnishing himself with the names and places of abode of all the Whores of City and Suburbs, is fain to live upon the Spunge

Spunge the rest of his days, and preser that wretched precarious Subsistance to Death, the end of his Ignominy.

Jov. Nay, and if he have a pretty Wife himself, he spares her not, but pimps for his Friend even at home, and holds the Door, whilst his Spouse is adorning his Forehead: For this he gains the honourable Appellation of Sir Jolly, or some very good natur'd Title, and the Table and Conversation of the best Quality of either Sex that have any occasion to make use of him.

Pens. There are others whose youthful Extravagancies have driven 'em to the wretched fate of Spunging, that their Stock is a pleasant fort of unintelligible Banter, compos'd of ridiculous Stories, Relations of his past Intrigues or Adventures, most of which are the effect of his morning Study. These are the civilest Sparks in Company, in the World, and will be sure to praise ev'ry thing you say, tho' they laugh at you as much in the next Company they come in; and these are called Honest Fellows.

Jov. And I never knew one of those that were called so, but were the great-

est Rascals in the World. There are another fort of Gentlemen of the Town, tho' not so numerous as pretended, that live upon the looser Assections of the Fair Sex, or rather, the uglier part of it; those whose Purses are forc'd to supply the defect of their Faces, and draw able Gallants to gratifie their Lust, whose Desormity else would starve their insatiate desire.

Pens. There is a monstrous Disease, they say, in Nature, which they, the vulgar, call the Wolf, which makes the distemper'd eat beyond Reason, and on desect of Victuals is devour'd himself by it; so the Lust of these sort of Women is something beyond the ordinary growth of Nature, not to be satisfy'd ev'n when the person is tir'd, as the Messalina of old; but these are so rare, that certainly there is scarce one in a thousand years.

Soc. Gad, Gentlemen, I find you are both a little in the dark as to this point, and therefore I will only unfold it to you as the nature of the thing is; for take my word for't, there is no more of Monfirous and Uncommon in it, than there is of Wit in a Dutchman, Courage in an Irishman, in a Spanish Don Humility or Money,

Money, in a Frenchman Modesty; or, in short, in an Vlurer or Bookfeller Generosity: For ev'ry Woman that will make a Man Master of her Person, at the same time makes him Master of her Purse; I mean not Common Women, that live by Fornication; but such as Love has betray'd to the Embraces of another, whether they be single or marry'd Women, who are far more numerous than the publick Traders: And this benefit is not made only by the Ugly; but the most Beautiful, if her Gallant be so ungenerous to desire it, or so unhappy to want it, will contribute to her power to his Satisfaction: And this is the wondrous Mystery, which makes so many admire, that this Brawny Irishman is kept, and that Smirkin Monsieur wears fo many badges of the Ladies Favours; tho' but the other day, the first came from his Boggs all covered with Itch and Raggs, without any Portion but Impudence; the other a Pious Refugee, loaden with Vermin and Presumption. 'Tis these Knight-Errants business to raise their Fortuges by the ruine of half a hundred poor Sempstresses and City-Perruque-making-Damsels, till they arrive to be equipp'd like Gentlemen,

men, and then they fet up for an Amour of Quality; some Distress'd Countess or other, neglected by her Lord, is taken with his ftrong Parts, and t'others Eternal chatting and frisking, and then they live like the Hero's of their Countries: For if once a Lady be so unhappy as to trust her Reputation into such Villains hands, she must resolve to buy their silence at the daily Expence of her own, or (if the be marry'd) her Husband's Purse. But what's this to the Gentlemen of the Town, Men of Quality and Estate, the Beaux Esprits? Their Experience grows with their Years, and at middle age are more knowing than an old man in the Country; and so far only 'tis true, they have liv'd faster than you. They are serving their Country abroad on Embassies and other Negotiations, or conveying the most secret Transactions of State to Posterity, which those that liv'd remoter from the Springs, and first Causes of Motion of ev'ry publick transaction, know nothing of, tho necessary for them that wou'd give a valuable History of their times; all the other can transmit to Posterity, is, but a bare Narration of what happen'd; but we let you understand

derstand the true Reason and Cause of that Accident or Council.

Pens. What think you, Sir, of Thucydides, who retir'd to his Country Villa when he writ his History of the Pelo-

ponnesian War?

Soc. Think of him, Sir why I think that if he writ his History in the Country, a much better Historian, Cornelius Tacitus, writ his in the City, nay, in the Court; and if Thucydides gives you a faithful account of the losses on both sides, Tacitus does no less; but with it gives you the Causes of each War, the Policies of carrying it on, &c. which was the Effect of his Town-life, and Conversation with the Movements of the Body Politick. So while you are studying the Machines of Descartes, we are studying the sublimer ones of the Government of Mankind. Whilst you are pruning your Trees, we are contriving the lopping off such Rotten Members that may disfigure or prejudice the Publick Weal.

Jov. True, Sir, your Politicks are fo plenty here in Town, that there's not a Trader, even from the topping Merchant to the humble Translator, but has his share in Modelling the Govern-

ment; and for fear they shou'd shoot wide of their Mark, the Weekly Obfervator holds forth in a wretched manner upon Occurrences for their better instruction; but I am consident, as these numerous Politicians can't all, if they club'd together, make one Machiavil, so that they are more prejudicial to the Government than beneficial. The Cossee-house Politicks are but Fewel to Factions, and Fosterers of ripening Rebellion, both from the Violence of those that are uppermost, and the hot-headed Hopes and Presumptions of those that wou'd be so.

Penf. But Mr. Sociable's mentioning Politicks, has brought to my mind another refuge of those Wretches, who, by that time they come to the Age we mention, have spent all their Paternal Estate, and that is their adhesion to some factious Engagements in Plots and Conspiracies, hoping by a Change of Government, to gain a meliorating change of their pressing and hard Circumstances; and, if they be stirring and zealous men in the Cause they espouse, they certainly obtain encouragement, and gentile subsistance from the Patrons of it.

Jov. 'Till some of the Gang discover, and with the ignominy of an Informer, makes sure of a present miserable subsistance, rather than trust suturity, and so brings these State Reformers to Tiburn, to do a final Penance for all the Follies of their life; whereas, if they had kept under their own Vine in the Country, they might have left their Family in as good a Reputation and Ability, as they found it, if not better; but now must quit the Stage of Life, like Atheists, or else with doleful Lamentations for their mispent time; tho' they wou'd no more be perswaded from those Follies when they might, than a Dissenter from Pride, and Hypocrisie, or an Author from Arrogance.

Penf. The like is the Fate of another fort, who are fain to set up for Bullies, and they are either Men of Courage, or at least great Proficients in the Fencing Faculty, or wou'd be thought so: The first makes it their lively hood to be of the Guard du Corps of some Coward of Quality, and is oblig'd to step in betwixt danger, and his Putron; if he commit some extravagance, or give some assent, the Bully is by way

of prevention to engage the Person affronted in a quarrel with him, 'till at last, after a pecuniary Redemption from two or three Murthers, he is fairly trust up according to his deferts, tho' not so soon. The other is an arrant Coward, but would put on the face of a desperate and resolute Man, and he is perpetually telling of his Exploits, where he supposes it may render him formidable; but he knows his Men, and before a Man that dares fight, he's as tame and peaceable an Animal as lives, tho' he breaths nothing but blood and wounds where he reigns.

But he must be better skill'd in the Town than I have ever been, that can run through all the desperate methods Men are drove, out of an habitual lasiness and villainous Temper,

to live by in this Town.

Jov. True, Cousin, 'twou'd be endless to run through 'em all, and we shall hit upon some others of them, when we come to the several Conversations of the Town, let us therefore proceed to Old Age——

Pen. You mean to those sew that live to be old, for their number is so

**small** 

small that 'cis scarce worth taking no-

tice of it.

Jov. Well, those few whose strong Constitutions, in spight of intemperance, have brought them to gray hairs, having been us'd to such a habit of Effeminacy, and Lewdness all their lives, cannot yet think of growing serious, and having experienc'd the punishment of Old Age in their Virile State, fancy they ought now, like the Serpent, to slip their Skin, and put in for Boys Game again. And here renews the Scene of Keeping, for on no other Condition can an Old Letcher Whore, tho' with one that has serv'd half the Town. With these some antiquated Player goes down, and she that has been glad to take up with a Footman in time of yore, is now exalted to the Knight, or Lord, and has allowance sufficient for her either to quit the House, or else to maintain a Spruce young Lover of her own.

Soc. Nay, gad Gentlemen, I have not a word to fay for those Old Greybearded Fornicators, use them as you please, they are the Grievance of the Town, and ought to retire to their Country Seats, and retrieve, or save for

their

their Sons to have their turn in the enjoyment of the pleasures of the City. Therefore I care not if I give you a helping hand toward their Condemnation, at least as far as a modest Inwendo will go, that is, as to their preposterous fort of Luit; affecting that which is enough to tame a young Lover, Stripes, Gentlemen, in great abundance; but, indeed, as all their Amours are unnatural, so an account of them is But let us consider your Country Sparks of Ninety Nine, their Heads are now grown up to State-Affairs, and when they shou'd be thinking of a Voyage to the Stygian-Lake, they are launching out into the Sea of Politicks, making Parties for being Kts. of the Shire, squabling to be Burgesses. Then up they come to Town at the next Session of Parliament, and the House is allarm'd with some wonderous danger, their perspicatious eyes have discover'd, gathering in a Cloud, and just ready to fall on the Nation: Long Speeches of the Liberty and Property of the Subject diverts the House from dispatching pressing Affairs of State, and so by the procrastination of Resolves cuts off the Opportunities

of the Glory of the Nation; being generally ignorant that there is such a Crisis in the Movement of all Publick Affairs, that if it be let flip, 'tis beyond recovery: They see not the Causes of things, nor are capable of understanding them, any more than a Boy that has not learnt his Grammar, is of the Entity of Reafon, and therefore make no quicker a dispatch. Then perhaps, for a Relaxation from Publick Affairs, the good Old Gentleman takes a turn in the Park, Grays-Inn-Walks, or those of Lincolns-Inn; or may be, out of pure Zeal, or Devotion, goes to hear some Famous Man hold forth, sees some Charming Phillis that is French without, as well as within, that is, that has never a Smock to her cock'd Commode; and a painted face above, with the French Nobless raging beneath; is deeply enamout'd with her, finds out her Walks, Woos her with ardour, and the perswasive Rhetorick of his Estate; gains the Fair one, is Marry'd, Pox'd, and Dead in a quarter of a year; the Whore gets a good Jointure, Money, and Health by the Bargain;

and this is often the Effects of his Anti-

quated Politicks.

Others are raking and scraping to fill their Baggs, and starving both themselves, and their Families in the Country, while their Spendthrist Sons are sending it going by Wholesale here, and before the Curmudgeons dye, have dipt most part of their Estates in Judgments, Bonds, and Warrants.

Pen. And well he deserves it, that sends his Son to Town for Education; when he might as well think to find Truth in the boasted Cures of an Empiric, the Promises of a Courtier, or in the Rodomontades of a Bully, as Sense,

or Good Breeding in London.

the Follies of which are so numerous, and far more odious than those of younger years, let us advance to the Conversations of the Town, on which Mr. Sociable pretends to put so great a value, tho' we shall find them as little worth our esteem, as Vain-glory in a Philosopher, Obscurity in a Poet, or Boasting in a Souldier.

Pen. I can see but two Ends in Conversation, Profit, and Pleasure; the improvement, or diversion of the mind;

and if it deviate from this, or tend wholly to diversion, 'tis certainly

faulty.

Jov. But the Conversation of the Town, tends, strictly speaking to neither; and only gratisties Hate, or Lust; the exposing the absent, Enemies or not, is never consider'd, the absent being lawful prize for laughter; or else their Discourse is running over their Amours in their lewd dress. So that 'tis evident that there is nothing that can contribute to the improvement of the Mind.

Penf. And I am fure the Mind can delight in nothing that does not in some measure yield a benefit to it.

Soc. A pretty regulation of Conversation this, if I mistake not! So that you wou'd reduce the World to that pass, that ev'ry Company shou'd be an Academy, or a Convivium Philosophorum; ha! ha! ha! but I am of much a contrary Opinion; I think that Conversation was ordain'd for the passing away our idle hours with pleasure: Thus far however I'll agree with you, as to grant it shou'd sometimes be consider'd as an improvement, when we endeavour for the converse of Men of

Senfe

Sense and Wit, which may bring us to a habit of talking wittily. But for your grave starch'd Debates of the Motion of the Earth, the Magnetical Quality of the Load-stone, the Saline Quality of the Sea, and such Speculations over a Bottle of good Wine, is perverting the use on't, and is as odd as Steeple-Hats for the Beaus of Covent-Garden, or a Russ or Farthingale for the Ladies, deserving rather our laughter, than admiration.

Jov. Then you are for no Conver-

sation, but in a Tavern, Sociable?

Soc. Yes, yes, Jovial, I am for Conversing in a Lady's Chamber too; where you wou'd make a very pretty Figure, with your Systems and Hypotheses: When you shou'd be talking of the Beauties of the Lady that entertains you, the spreading Conquests of her eyes, and the torment of your heart, which is one of her Captives.

Jov. And so to ev'ry Lady you come to—Well, but if we permit you to talk of Love and Torments in a Lady's Chamber, of News, and New Plays in a Cossee House, of the Cheats of the Vintners at the Tavern, will you allow no Man time nor place for more

**fubstantial** 

fubstantial Discourse? Must Bawdry, and Quibbles take up a whole Night's Conversation, and that from Night to Night all the Year round? This is but at best a Repetition of the same thing in another dress, a more plausible tho' more Criminal sort of Tautology, since the Repetition consists in that which once to mention is nauseous, and con-

sequently too often.

Soc. Therefore to avoid the cloying our selves with the same Dish, we vary our Company, and so meet with variety of Wit, and always something New, and Surprising. Whereas in the Country, you must be content with such as your thin Neighbourhood affords you; or for better, ride as far as the Jews of old went to Church; but here in Town, Company is more numerous, out of which you may cull enough to pass the leisure hours with pleasure.

Pen. Leisure hours, Sir! why such are all your hours, I think; for I can perceive nothing you do but Eat, Drink, and Whore, and so to Bed; moving perpetually in this miserable

thoughtless Circle.

Jov. But, my dear Sociable, me-D 2 thinks thinks there is not variety enough in your Conversation, ev'n as you represent it, for one Night; if Obscenity and Intrigue be all your Discourse, you must be forc'd to a repetition of

the matter, if not of the manner.

Soc. Why you fancy now our Meetings like yours in the Country, where two or three Grave Justices of the Quorum meet together, and are fain to fit filent half the time, unless they call in the Landlord to break a dry jest; because they know not what to say, when they have once run through the Adventures of their Jurisdiction, the Price of Corn, the falling or rifing of Rents, and such their usual Topics, unless they begin again; but you take a wrong notion of our Societies from them; here we always have a numerous Club, fometimes of a dozen, feldom under ten; and then by that time one has done with his latrigues, the next has fresh Adventures to impart, or some Poetic Essay perhaps to Communicate, and so we never want Discourse, nor ever are troubled with the same-

Jov. The same words you mean, for I am sure the same matter, as I have said.

said, is fain to serve you, only Cook'd up in several manners. And as for your valuing your Company for being so many, I find you have forgot that of the incomparable COWLY Few Friends, and true; many Books, and good. And of such is our Conversation and Studies compos'd. Nor do we envy your Societies for being so full, fince we are fatisfy'd that hurry and much Company contribute not at all to their perfection; else the Noisy Pic, and the buzzing Change, wou'd be the most agreeable places of Converse. Whereas we had rather confine our Meetings to the number of the Graces, than extend them to that of the Muses, much less go beyond them; unless where Publick Affairs engage a more general Meeting, which we reckon among the excentrick hours of our Lives.

Soc. You feem to brand our Converfations with the infamy of barrenness in Discourse, and that we are confined to the same thing eternally, which in my Opinion sits yours much better; the manuring of your Lands, the sancy'd Interests of your Precincts, the improvement of your Clover-grass, the best Receipt of making Sider keep, and the most useful Traps to catch Vermin, with the learned Common places I have mentioned but now, take up all your Discourses. While we are regal'd with the sprightly efforts of fancy, and all the World is the subject of our Entertainment.

Jov. Eternal Rovings indeed, take up all your time and Employment, and therefore 'tis no wonder your Discourse is of the same stamp. But if I shou'd grant you that variety you contend for, yet I can never think perpetual Chat on whatever comes uppermost, without coherence, or design, can merit any Name but that of egregious tristing, below the Converse of School-Boys.

Pens. But ours is that of Rational Men; for one Gentleman employs himself in Study, and with him we improve in Speculations; another in Experimental Observations, which give us a light into the Wonders of Nature, and Material Beings; then what Noble delight to compare and see how the Theory and Practice agree, and how they differ. One is busied in Gardining, another in Azriculture, &c. And thus

our Conversation with ease and Pleafure brings us to the knowledge of Nature in all her parts, sooner than Dining at Pontack's, or the Blew-Posts, or Locket's about Six in the Evening; than by spending the Day in Sleep, the Night in Drinking, and Whoring; than by boassing of Intrigues they ne'er arriv'd to; so robbing those of their Reputation, whom they cou'd not of their Honour.

Jov. But for the gaining of the knowledge of Mankind, for which, Mr. Sociable seem'd to value the Town-life; the most skillful is but a Bungler at it, I mean of those that keep the most Company, their Knowledge seldom reaching any further than those with whom they have had a long and perfonal Acquaintance; with a Stranger they are as far to feek, as the most Solitary Country Man, nay and farther, if he have but a little inlight into the nature of the Passions, and their esfects on the outward appearance; the best fort of Phisiognumy. These Gentlemen of the Town know Man so little, that they cannot distinguish between apparent dissimulation, and reality, especially if the first seem the least encliping

ning to their advantage. Hence proceeds such a medly in their Companies, and Meetings; chance, and not inclination and Reason guiding them in the Choice; they Select such to spend those hours with, in which they design to indulge themselves the most, as ought rather with the greatest caution to be avoided. On the other hand, those that wou'd pass for very curious in culling out their Company, generally err as much; the Boon Companion, that is, in plain English, a Rake-hell, is much cares'd; and this is one that drinks for drink's sake, that makes himself not only his own, but the God of all that keep him Company; his words are Oracles with them; and 'tis look'd upon as a great scandal, if any of them fall short of his Pint Glass, or his Blasphemous or Treasonable Jest; or rather than fail, a Health to the Devil, or at least Friendly and Sociable Damnation to one another. Such are the Topping Heroes of the Tavern, into whose Company 'tis no small happiness to be admitted, tho' they value none but for their own present diversion, not caring a straw when the midnight Deboach is over, if all the Company were fent.

fent to the Devil, either by civilly breaking their own necks, or decently cutting one anothers throats; which wou'd at worst serve for a pleasant

raillery in the next Club.

Pen. A very prudent Choice, to carefs those as Friends, who wou'd no more contribute Sixpence to the sub-sistance of him that had spent all his Youth and Estate in their Conversation, than a College-Physician wou'd to the maintenance of a broken Quack.

Jov. Nor cou'd they expect any better from them, that wou'd spare neither God, nor their King, if they stood in competition with a wretched

Jest.

Then for the demure modest Man, or rather he that obtains that name; he's only a sly Species of Cowardise, that is complaisant in all Companies, admiring every one before his face, but laughing and jeering in a clumfy manner to the next Consident they meet: This Spark is cringing, and proffering his Service to ev'ry one, but worse at performance than a Courtier.

Pens. But pray, Mr. Jovial, let us
D 5 not

not dwell thus upon Generals, but take a view of the Particulars, and then see what pleasure the enjoyment of their Company affords.

Jov. Let's therefore divide their Conversations into their several parts, as that of the City, and that of this end

of the Town.

Pens. To begin therefore with this end of the Town, as the most honourable, being the resort and rendzvous of Quality; let us consider them under their several Denominations, as Beaus,

Rukehells, and Wits.

Tov. A meer Beau is a Creature compounded of Peruque, Cravat and Cravat-string, and fine Cloaths; a Pocket Looking glass, and Pocket Comb. Perfumes and Pulvillio's, fine Coach and fine Equipage; an Amorous glance, a white Hand, and Diamond Ring on Finger; he's more skilful in Fashions, and the nicety of the making a Coat and Breeches than a Taylor, in Silks and Ribbons than a Mercer or Milliner; and so in all the Trades and Professions that go to the making him up, or at least, fancies himself to be so; his Discourse is of nothing but Billet doux, Amorous Intrigues, or the Love-

fick

fick Ladies that are dying for him; but chiefly, the Modes and Dresses of both Men and Women; as, who drefses best, who most adroit wears his Hat or her Commode; who adjusts his Peruque with the best Grace, or her wanton Curls with the most taking Air, has the most curious fancy in the choice of his Stockings, or her Manto; the nicest Judgment in the cuts of his Sleeve or Pocket, the best Meen in his Motion, the greatest Majesty in his sitting still: His places of resort are Covent Garden Church about Ten, if he can get up so early, the Park, the Play, and Tom. Wraine's Coffee-house, which indeed is the Tiring or Dressing-room, before he either goes to act his part in a Ladies Chamber, or to Ogle the Nymphs in the Boxes or Musick meetings: Here he makes his advances to the Glass, pulls out his Comb, discriminates the Curls, which perhaps by the incivility of the Air had been entangled: Here he pra-Aises his several Postures, and runs over his short Inventory of Thoughts, that he may cull out, according to the depth of his Judgment, what is most killing with the Fair. His secret and most retir'd Entertainment is to practi e ctife a new Dance, Song or Bow. He is never easie in a Suit, tho' never so fresh, if he happen to meet with one of a newer Cut, or Mode; Dress and Intrigue are all his Study. What abundance of Pleasure therefore must his Conversation afford!

Penf. But there is another Class of Beaus, who are Candidates for Wit too, and they have the additionary enfign of their Preheminence, a Snuffbox, with the white hand twirl'd up con licentia Seignior, to ev'ry Box that is open'd, which thing alone is enough to qualifie him for a Wit, and therefore we'll place him among the Wits, and

here pass to the Rake-hells.

fov. A Rake-hell, in his proper definition, according to the Opinion of the Learned of that Fraternity, is one, that will play away his hundred pound at fight, Tile at fight, (that is, without Thought or Confideration) and Whore at fight, and Drink at fight; and whoever passes these dgrees, has been adjudg'd of the Family of the Rakehellonims, qualify'd according to Law, and without which no Man can lawfully assume that name, any more than a place at Court without taking the Test and Oaths. His other

other Exploits are but effects of these Qualifications, as engaging with the Watch, breaking of Windows, beating up the Quarters of the Bawd, that commands a Squadron of Wenches to her Relief; bilking of Whores and Coachinen, outfacing a Dun, and breaking the Creditor's Head that asks for his Money, kicking the Drawer down Stairs; to omit Oaths and Imprecatinumerous than other ons, more Words. Blasphemy and Treason are Trifles they never stick at: Friendship he has none; Honour he has none; nor any Love but Lust, or Pleasure but Drinking, being a Devote to Drunkenness. His other Qualifications we have had already, fo that this Spark is like to yield wonderful Pleasure in Discourse, fit for a Rational Man!

Sec. This Extravagance affords Diversion enough now and then:—— But what say you to the Men of Wit? I hope their Conversation is of a higher

Degree in your Esteem?

Jov. Truly, very little;— The Wits, indeed, are of a large Extent, and afford a Spacious Field of Consideration, of which very few are worth Conversing with, at the Expence of

our Time, and Happiness, in living in Town for their sakes. They are divided into Criticks and Authors: The Criticks in general, are ev'ry one that has Money to Buy, or Leisure and Patience enough for to Read; even from the Groom to the Lord, from the Prentice to the Alderman, from the Chambermaid to the Countess, from the little Miss in the Nursery, to the grave Matron in her Closet; from the Beardless Boy to the Grey and Honourable Head of Old Age. But more precisely speaking, this Appellation is properly circumscrib'd to the Compass of Covent Garden, and the Inns of Court, and they easily set up; for a pretty good Assurance, a Familiarity with an Author of the lower Class, or a fight of one of the first Form, with a Condemning-Face on all that is spoke of, or read; dubs any one an uncontrovertible Critick; for there is, as they suppose, a wonderful deal of Wit in finding fault; that is, in the absence of the Author they condemn; for 'tis a General Rule, with very few Exceptions, to Damn the Absent, and Extol the Present. But if they arrive to the pertness of speaking Decisively of any thing,

thing, with a Tinsel Reason at the end on't, they are admitted as unappealable Judges in point of Wit and Criticisms, tho they have borrow'd their Notion from some other, and which, it may be, has pass'd through more hands than the Money in their Pockets; yet whilst they are in possession of it, they plead as equal a right to that, as to the other; and to say Truth, to deny 'em that Priviledge, wou'd render them very silent, and as poor in Critical Nonsense, as to stop the Circulation of Money wou'd both Traders and Gentlemen in the Purse.

Pens. He that can give a piercing Judgment of some admirable Passage in the last dull Prologue, brings all the Authors to his Awful Tribunal, as often as they appear in Print; and all the Fry of Minor Criticks follow with Implicit Faith, all his Opinions for the future.

Jov. To say the Truth of the Matter, As the destruction of Pipes is the multiplication of Stoppers, so the destruction of Authors Reputations is the multiplication of Criticks; for one Author that is damn'd, shall set up at least half a hundred of them. And

for the Conversation of these Sparks, one wou'd no more chuse it, than the Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, where nothing but Hell and Damnation makes up all the Discourse: Put them out of their Road upon any thing of Moderation, and Indisferent Matters, and they are as mute as so many Fishes, till the least opportunity offers it self for them to catch hold of, to repeat their Nauseous Observations, viz. That this Verse did not Rhime well, that was a little too rough, without any regard to the Sense of it; that being beyond their Talent.

Soc. Gad, you are as tedious upon these Locusts of Conversation, as the Ordinary of Newgate in his Presatory Introductions to the woful Catastrophe of a Pick-pocket; or an old decay'd Gentlewoman, in running over the endless Topick of her Pedigree; as if you were assaid to come to the Test of our Men of true Sense and Wit.

Jov. What do you mean? Your Composers of Songs to Sylvia, Phillis, Cloris, and Clemene? Your everlasting Murderers of Horace, Ovid, and the rest of the Roman Wits, for the sake of the Booksellers? Are those your Hero's?

The

The first have all their Wit and Discourse bounded with the melting Charms of Sylvia, the winning Eyes of Cloris, the fnowy Bosom of Phillis, and the pretty Hand of Clemene; the Cruelty of one Fair one, the Sweetness of another, the Sigh of a Third, and the Voice of a Fourth; and tho' one wou'd imagine, that use (which gives Persection very often) shou'd make them perfect Masters in the Description of Beauty and Passion; yet, alas, their Barren Minds and Fancies produce nothing but Eternal Wretched Tautologies that the heaviest thoughts Dulnels cou'd furnish, or their lighter Amouretts inspire. That of the incomparable Hudibras may very well flow from the Consideration of the Eslays of thess Candidates of Wir, and Aspirers to the Bays:

Wou'd it not make one strange.
That some Mens Fancies shou'd ne're change,
That they shou'd always do and say
The self same thing the self same way?

This Conversation (I mean, their Discourse; for I wou'd not have you imagine, I think 'em guilty of Constancy

in any thing, where they are capable of altering) is of the same unchangeable nature with their Writings; if they have any thing tolerable, you have it the first time you fee them, and 'twou'd be to put your self into the Circumstance of a needless Repetition, ever to come near 'em more: Then for the other, the greater part of them are not capable of understanding the easiest Verse in all Horace, Ovid, or Virgil, or any other of the Latines, and only build themselves the Reputation of Scholars, on the Labours of Mr. Creech, or Brome's Translation of Horace by several Hands; Sandy's Ovid's Metamorphoses, or a wretched old Ver-sion of Ovid's Epistles, by some Anony-mous Author, or Ogleby's Virgil, most of which they borrow from, and ev'n fall short of their Excellence. And if you shou'd chance to ask 'em in Company, how they came to render such a Verse or Word so, and so, they are as much to feek, as a certain Author that wou'd pretend to do an Ode from the Greek, was, when he was pos'd in the very Alphabet. Their Discourse, indeed, generally is on the great Wit of Horace, the Softness of Ovid, the Majeftv sty of Virgil, the Waggishness of Catullus, &c. tho' they have no other knowledge of them, than what they gather from former Translators, or the Opinion of some of our Major Domo's of the Muses, who have not forgot the Consequences of In Speech, and the Rudiments of the Latin Tongue so far, but they can read something of them with the help of large Annotations; and all the Observations they find there, they give out in their Mother Tongue for their own; and so pass for prosoundly skill'd in the Languages.

Soc. Nor these, Mr. Jovial, do I reckon among the Regales of Conversation, or the Men of Wit and Sense, tho' I confess, they aspire to that Reputa-

tion and Name.

Penf. Much worse qualify'd tho', in my Opinion, than Carrline for the

Confulthip.

Soc. Or a Country Girl for the Intrigues of the Town, or a Modest Man for a Bully. But since you can't be so biggotted to your Country Converse, as to deny us the Happiness of the greatest Wits in the World to Associate with, and whose Company raises

raises our Conversible Hours to the

highest pitch.

Fov. Faith, Mr. Sociable, you have had much better Luck than I, if you have met with such wondrous Excellence in their Company; tho' I must confess, I wou'd fain know what you mean by your Wits?

mean by your Wits?

Soc. Mean? Why I mean such as are really so; Men whose Writings have ravish'd that Name from Envy and Ignorance, and establish'd their Reputation, ev'n with the Age to

come.

Jov. Oh, ho! you mean, I perceive, our other Division, your Authorsbut of these, do you mean your Men of Kidney, Learn'd in the profound Art of Banter, where Fancy flows in like a Torrent, and does the Work without the help of Judgment, of the Class of Merry Andrew and Jack Pud. ding, only exalted from the Scaffold to the Press? This is far enough from being Wit, in my Opinion, tho' it goes down with raw Youths at the Universities, Clerks of the Minor Inns of Court, Prentices, and Chambermaids; or, perhaps, old grave Dons, that have been poring over a Confutation

tation of Bellarmine, the future Occurrences of Time, and the Catastrophe of the World, and a Hundred Tomes of Controversial Divinity, may take a light Trifle for the digestion of those heavier ones they are continually Conversant with, more agreeable in their natures than at first you may imagine, for both end without any Satisfaction to the Readers, by Evidence of what they are employ'd about; when you have read the one you are as far to feek as when you fat down, or perhaps, farther; and when you have run over the other, you'll be at a stand to know what the Author aim'd at. These fort of Authors, I think, deserve no higher Title than Drolls; and their Conversation is so correspondent to their Study, that they never speak any thing to the purpose; so that their Persons as well as Writings are a Ridiculous Riddle, I wou'd give no more to be skill'd in, than I wou'd to the Assigns of Tom. Saffold, of happy Memory, for his Receipt of Purging-Pills.

Penf. Their highest Excellence, is, to joke upon the Drawer, to banter the Vintner, to bilk their Lodgings, to ham their Bookseller, to Ridicule Re-

ligi on

ligion, and laugh at Solid Learning. Their only Business is in enquiring into the Vices or Follies of one, or another; to stuff their Papers with Scandal, or in purloining of Jests from the Company, which they present the Town with in their next Essay, for their own.

fov. The Cant of Alfatia, a Book of Merry Tales, a Common-Place-Book of Similies, gather'd, as you observ'd, from ev'ry Company they come in, sets them up.

Soc. And yet shall a Country Squire give Ten Pound to be admitted into his Company, and treat all that are

present into the bargain.

Jov. If any such there be, they deferve what they meet with, that is, to be abus'd and laugh'd at for Blockheads when they are gone.— These are Men, indeed, of more Tongue than many of the rest of the Scribes, for their Reputation and Subsistance depend on their diverting the Company; and there you shall hear half a Hundred times over the Beauties of their next piece of Banter they are to publish; not a pretty Story, or Airy Jest but has been made free of all the Companies

panies they keep, for a Month or two before the World fees it in Mood and Form. Then all Mankind, that they know, are the Subjects of their Raileries, till fome ill Fate brings it to the Ear of a Morose Gentleman that's abus'd,—— the Wits are thrash'd, and basely submits to the Correction; and in this wretched manner are their Lives spent, as is very well describ'd by an unknown Author.

The World may well forgive him all his Ill,

For every fault does prove his Penance

still.

Easily he falls into some dangerous Noose, And then, as meanly labours to get loose: A Life so Infamous, is better quitting, Spent in base Injuring, and low Submitting.

But the greatest Banter of their Life, is, when they pretend to be Serious, and apply themselves to Argument and Reason; for they are made of such an odd Composition, that their most grave Endeavours run naturally into Ridicule.

Penf. Enough, I think, of these wretched

wretched Scriblers, whose Fame is built on Scandal, and whose Wir lies in unaccountable Trisling; the End of whose Living and Writing is the same, Merry and Short, without Thought or Design.

Soc. I have feen you laugh, Mr. Jovial, very heartily at the Discourse and Books of a certain great Master

of Banter

for the same Reason that I laugh at a Country Scraper, when he attempts to play on the Fiddle, or a Country Peasant, when he attempts a Dance; that is, for the affected aukerdness of it: Tis plain, we are dwindling down to our Primitive Dulness, and the decay of our Common Sense is very visible, when we value our selves upon Banter and Epigrams (the next Door to Dutch Acrosticks) and puff these Sots up with Admiration, who have nothing of Solid or True Wit in them.

Pens. As for most of your other Wits, of Authors, they reserve their whole Stock of Wit for their Works, so that if you wou'd Converse with them with Pleasure, you must be as seldom as may be in their Company, for that is the dullest in the World.

Soc. Why, you alter in your Judgements, Gentlemen, like a Clergy-man, that has the advantage of a good Benefice in view; you valu'd not Conversation but now, for much talk; and now

you condemn it for little.

Peus. Oh, Sir, there's a Medium in all things, Silence and Chat are distant enough to have a convenient Discourse come between 'em; and thus far I agree with you, that the Company of the Author of Absalom and Achitophel is more valuable, tho' not so talkative, than that of the Modern Men of Banter; for what he says, is like what he writes; much to the purpose, and full of mighty Sense; and if the Town were for any thing desireable, 'twere for the Conversation of him, and one or two more of the same Character.

Jow. But I have seen your Wits silence this Great Man by multiplicity of words, with little to commend them

but a very great assurance.

Pens. The Conversation of your other Poets is compounded of Arrogance, and Ill Nature; for to speak in Commendation of an absent Author in any of their Companies, is almost High Treason.

Jov. Nay, one had better fay on E gentle

gentle word of Lewis in a Zealous Coffee-House; and the least Penalty you can expect, is the Abdication of your Company; and you are favourably dealt with, if you come off so; for, ten to one you are brought in for Cakes and Ale in the next Prologue, or for a Fop or Fool in the next new Farce, or lash'd in a Preface with a squinting Resection that looks a hundred ways at once.

Pens. In your Comical Poet's Company you shall be teiz'd with one damn'd Impertinence or other; Severity of the Criticks, the Senselesness of the Age that can't relish all the Beauties of their Endeavours; and tho perhaps the most insipid Farce in Nature shall rail at the ill nature of the Town, that cou'd not relish his Scourers, &c. Another that has Success, and no Merit, vaunts it with the highest ovation, and wants but the Lawrel to make it a formal Triumph, at which he grasps with all the Claws of Lirick, Pindarick, &c. Glories in the just Reflections that are made on his Performances, as the Impotent Efforts of Envy; and e'ry Company he is in, thinks oblig'd to hear all his Impertinencies:

nencies: The whole Progress of his Writing his last Play, ev'n to the minutest Action, Position of his Body, as Nostradamus does of his placing himself for Prophecy, with his Great Toe on a Brass Kettle, his Fore-Finger on his Mouth, Ge. as if the World were so highly intrest'd in their Assairs, as to be oblig'd to take notice of their silly and private Follies; whereas their Publick ones, are enough to tire us, without an industrious discovering of private ones. Nay, and 'tis well he has no Philosophy, he wou'd else give you e'ry Motion of the Soul in the Operation; and how many Capers it cut at the production of any Notable Jest in his Scenes.

Jov. If you're of his Acquaintance (for he's intimate with every one) he certainly informs you of the most secret Intrigues of his Life; how many believing innocent Ladies he has Debauch'd, and Forsaken, or made his Penniworth of, unless he owe you Money; then all Intrigues of advantage are kept behind the Scenes: However, he'll tell you, That from that Spark he drew such a Character, from that Lady another; tho' to the first he has been oblig'd beyond

beyond what his little Abilities, and by far less Soul, is able to return; and by the other, us'd with that Freedom and Civility, as if he had been a Gentleman, because he wore a Sword and fine Cloaths, had a boon Assurance in his Address, and something else, perhaps, that pleas'd her Ladyship so well, as to betray her Discretion into a Familiarity with him: The heighth of his Conversation is a Song, Drink-about Dick, and a Story of old Rowly.

Penf. Then for your Tragick Man of Mettle; (for, Sir, you must know, these VVits have all found my Cousin out at the Tavern, since he came to Town, that so every day we have had more novelty of VVits than VVine or Dishes) his Conversation is as sonorous as his Verse: Once will give you your

Belly full of either.

fitter, I confess, for Ax-Tard, or the Mitre, to Chronicle the famous Lives of the Memorable Knights of the Post, than for Play-writers. All they do as well as write, seems done by chance; and if any thing wou'd make me think Beasts Machines, 'twould be these Goliah's of the Mount of Parnassus; for they

they are angry without cause, pleas'd without amends, laugh without any sign of Satisfaction or Pleasure, are silent when they should speak, and talkative when they shou'd say nothing; the Booksellers Drudges and Bubbles, the Player's Slave, and ev'ry Man's Humble Servant: Some are fomething humble, I must confess, in the reading of their V Vorks, when just come out of the Mint of their Fancy, for they trouble none but the Judicious Baker, the Jolly Tranflator, of Shoes, I mean, not Authors, to whom they read their blundring Passion of distress'd Innocence, in a Tone that frightens the admiring Auditors into wonder and amazement. Mr. Sociable, I hope you will not much contend for the mighty happiness of these Sparks Conversation.

Soc. Prithee, as thou lov'st me, Jovial, rake not into the Ashes of the Dead; for so these Sparks are, as to Reputation and Conversation, this many a fair Year. But we have a new Generation of Authors and Poets sprung up, Men of Learning, and curious Sceptical Geniuses, that discove the grosser Ignorances, or Errors of ther

greatest Men of the last Age.

E 3 Jou.

Jov. With not one single quali-fication of Excellence, to give 'em Au-thority for so doing! Mean you, your Collectors, Dedicators, and Presacemakers; from the Voiture of the Second Edition, to the D----f-'s Epistle-Writer, or Jurnalists, Mercurists; or under what Denomination do you rank em? But which ever you please to Select, Vanity, and a little superficial Glosses, are their chief Talents; what they gather from the Labours of others, either in their own, or the French Langnage, they seize without acknowledgment, and pals off for their own. 'Tis true, some of this younger Fry, I believe will e're't belong, fill up Nat. Lee's vacant place in Moor-fields; they are so Mad already with Poetry, that all Places and People they pass, are not safe from the onsets of their Rhimes. Boilean has very well describ'd the Offspring of Crispinus, in his Art of Poetry, in the Fourth Canto.

Quelques Verse toute fois qu' Apollon vous inspire.

En tout lieux ausi-tost, ne courez pas les

Gardez.vous d'imiterce Rimeur furieux Qui de ses vain Ecrits lecteur harmonieux. Aborde en recitant qui conque le Salue E pur suit de les verse les passans dans la rise.

Il n'est Temple si saint des Anges respecte, Qui soit contre sa Muse en bein de securete

VVhich Sir. William Solmes has thus rendered into English.

Yet, when Apollo does your Muse inspire, Be not impatient to expose your fire; Nor imitate the Settles of our Times, Those Tuneful Readers of their own dull Rhymes.

Who seize on all th' Accquaintance they can meet.

And stop the Passengers that walk the Street There is no Sanctuary you can chuse, For a Desence from that pursuing Muse.

The Vanity of some of those, is so superlative, that their Conversation is to persecute you with the perusal of their Pockets full of Papers: But the plague on't is, they wou'd needs have this unreasonable Punishment pass for a Favour, a wonderful confiding effect of Friendship; whereas, it is no more than

E 4

what ev'ry one, they have the least knowledge of, is oblig'd with. Their own Vanity, nourish'd by the ill natur'd praise of such as have a mind to make a perpetual Diversion (such a one as it 'tis) of them to the Town, blinds them so, that they cannot see how they are the Sport and Laughter of ev'ry Company they come into. Arrogance and Vanity, are nauseous in the Best, unpardonable in the Worst, it lesses our just Esteem of the first, and breeds the highest, and therefore justest Contempt for the last.

Pens. As for the Wits of Quality, as an ill-natur'd Lampoon, an indifferent Version, or, at most, some trisle of a Play, is sufficient to establish them as fuch, so their Quality secures them against the Attacks of Critics, at least, in Print; for Scandalum Magnatum is the Devil: And therefore we'll pass them over in silence, as moving in a a Sphere of their own, and are not often so Excentic to mingle with the rest, unless with some young topping Wit, that sprouts out of a sudden, like a Mushroom in a Night, with some new Paradox to other him into the World.

Jov. The Courtiers, I am sure, will never be esteem'd any of the best Companions; their Heads are too much taken up with Politicks and Deligns, tho' feldom to any purpose; one wou'd avoid their Conversation any where, but never be so mad to seek it at Court. where ev'ry one endeavours by Malice, Falsities well conceal'd, and Contention, to out another, meerly for his own Advantage, without any regard to the Service of the Prince their Master; whose highest Favours wou'd be of less esteem, if plac'd without detriment to any other, being most valu'd, when they are rais'd upon an others Ruin. But the incomparable Spencer describes the Court very well; as it has generally in all Ages merited the good Word of the Poets, especially when they speak their Minds: In their Flatteries of Great Men, we may observe a Violence offer'd to themselves, and some words cast in, lest the World shou'd think they meant really what they writ; but when they speak against the Court, you may easily see they are in earnest: But now to Spencer, I'll repeat'em; for the delight I took in 'em, made me learn them without book.

E 5

Cause

Cause have I none, quoeb be, of cancred Wills.
To quit them ill, that me demean'd so well:
But Self-regard, of private Good, or Ill,
Moves me of each, so, as I found totell;
And eke, to warn young Shepherd's wandring Wit,

Which thro' she Port of that Lifes painted

Blist

Abandon Quiet home, to seek for it,
And leave their Lambs to loss, missed amiss.
For south, to say, it is no sort of Life,
For Shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks, with Malice, and
with Strife.

To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
Himself to raise; and be doth soonest rise,
That best can handle his decentful Wit,
In subsil Shifts, and finest Slights devise;
Either by sland'ring his well deemed Name,
Through Leasings lewd, and feigned Forgery;
Or else by breeding him some Blot of Blame,
By creeping close into his Secresse;
To which him needs a guileful hollow Heart,
Masqu'd with fair dissembling Courtesse,
A filed Tongue, surnish'd with terms of

No Art of School, but Courtiers Schoolery; For Arts of School, have their small Conntenance,

Counted

Counted but Toys to buisse idle Brains; And their Professors, find Small Mainte-

nance,

But to be Instruments of others gains. Ne is there place for any gentle Wit, Unless to please, it self it can apply; But (boulder'd is, or out of doors quite flut, As base or blunt, unmeet for Melody. For each Man's Worth is measur'd by the Weed.

As Harts by Horns, or Asses by their EASS

Yet Asses be not all, whose Ears exceed; Nor yet all Harts that Horns highest bears. For highest Looks have not the highest Mind, Nor haughey Words, most full of highest Thoughts;

But are like Bladders blown up with wind That being prickt, do vanish into nought. Ev'n such is all their vaunted Vanity, Nought else but Smoke, that fumeth soon. AWAY;

Such is their Glory, that in simple Eye, Seem greatest, when their Garments are most gay.

So they themselves, for praise of Fools do /cA,

And all their Wealth for painting on a Wall; With price whereof, they buy a golden Bell, And purchast highest Rooms in Bower, and Hall; Whill

Whilst single Truth, and simple Honesty, Do wander up and down, despised by all; Their plain Attire, such glorsous Gallantry Disdains so much, that none them in doth call.

I'll make no Apology for the Length of the Quotation, because I am sure, Mr. Sociable, you are no little admirer of Spencer.

Soc. Prithee, in what part of that Poet is this? For I don't remember it.

Jov. 'Tis in his Colin Clouts, come

home again.

Pens. Methinks the Courtiers may be divided into the Statesman, that makes his Market of the Crown; and those of lesser hopes and capacities, who instead of getting, spend Estates, to kiss their Leaders behind; and lastly, into those who have no other thoughts, but to earn, or advance, the Sallery the have got, by Blustring and Noise in Taverns, and Costee-Houses, by forcing every one to Drink the King's Health.

Jov. In short, we'll dismis 'em with the words of Honest Osway.

What Man of Sense wou'd wrack his Generous Mind,

To Practice all those base Formalities,

And Forms of Business; force a grave starch'd Face,

When he's a very Libertine in's Hevrt?
Seem not to know this or that Man in
Publick.

When Privately, perhaps, they meet toge-

And lay the Scene of some Brave Fellow's Ruine.

Soc. But, Mr. Jovial, you are so possess'd with Indignation, that you can't see all the Gentlemen of Parts, that make us happy in their Conversation. What think you of the Lawyers, and Scholars? For we have our Philosophers, Physicians, Mathematicians, and Historians too; this last is the Noblest Study, as you your selves seem'd to intimate but now, and I think this most worthy a Gentleman.

Penf. Well remember'd, Sir, we'll take them in the order you have put them; and, as for your Lawyers, I think we have been plagu'd enough with their Conversation since we came

to Town; The Councellors shall lengthen out their Discourses, as they do their Bills in Chancery, with a thoufand superfluous Words; you shall have nothing from them but Tryals of Canses, Presidents, John-a-Noaks, and John-a-Stiles, Tenants intail, levying of Fines, the Lessor, and the Lessee, the Mortgager, and the Mortgagee; the Terms and Quirks of the Law, to shew that all our Estates and Properties are at their mercy; few Conveyances being made so sure, but one or another of their Brotherhood, if they get a fight of your Writings, shall find a flaw in 'em. Then, for the under Classes of them, Attorneys, Sollicitors, and Pettifoggers; Bills, Judgements, Bonds, Warrants and Writs make up most of their talk; not for-getting Procuration, and Forbearance, Packing of Juries, and Managing of Bail; and an endless pack of Knaveries, none but themselves can disco-

Jov. Then for the younger Sparks of the Inns of Court, who are plac'd there by their Fathers, to study the Law; they adorn all their Studies with the Poets, and fill their heads

with

with Lampoons, Songs, and Burlesque, instead of Cook upon Littleton, and Assignations, Billet-deux, &c. fill up their Tablets, whilst their Common-

Place-Books are empty.

Penf. Then, for your Schollars, as you imagine them; they abound a thousand times more with Pedantry, than such as you found out in the Country; your Philosopher shall be talking of nothing but Systems, Phanomena's, Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras, or Descartes, and Male branch, &c. tho they be neither Aristotelian, nor Cartesian, sometimes Hobbists, generally Scepticks: But you are often impos'd upon by Names, and take them for Philosophers, who are only Masters of some General Notions, and the Names of the several parts of Philosophy. with those of the Authors; these you shall have continually talking of the Bramins, the Caldwick Philosophy, the Sabeans, Confucins, and the Chinese; not to mention Zoroaster, and Paracelsus.

Jov. Your Physicians Discourse is clogg'd with Terms of Art, all their Epithets drawn from their Profession; as Deslegm'd, Rectify'd, Chasm, &c.

as if they were always at a Lecture, or else are pretending mighty Practice, to get into Practice. Besides, they are generally very talkative; and assuming as if they were to be Dictators in

e'ry Company they come in.

Pens. Your Mathematicians, like the rest, are either superficially Learn'd, or else so abounding in their own Study, that they are troublesome to all Companies with it; for they shall fill all their Discourse with Triangles, Quadrangles, Obtuse, Oblong, Cubes, Cilinders, Cones, Squaring the Circle, the Perpetual motion; nay, some will give us a Geometrical Problem for the demonstration of the Trimity.

you must expect nothing but all the former Ages Exalted to the Sky, or else levell'd to the Ground; and all the Vices of our Age only Repetitions of what has been done all along; they are generally Men of no Medium, but continually in Extreams; very often wondrous Politicians, which they arrive to by the application of all Transactions of Times past, to our present, or ev'n to our own Country, without any consideration of the difference of

the Clime, the Constitution of the Government, the Inclinations of the People, and other Circumstances, before they draw their Consequences: Then for your General Scholar, as you miscall him, he is one that has a Smattering in e'ry thing, but nothing thoroughly; and his Discourse is a Consusion much like that of Babel; from Divinity, to the opening an Oyster Mathematically; he has a continual Road of rambling Talk, which, when he has done, he begins again.

Penf. But you have both forgot the

Men Divine.

Soc. 'Gad, abundance of them are Boon Blades, and love a Bottle and a Bona-Roba as well as my felf; but their Scandalous Coat gives such an ill relish to Sin, that I had rather be without

their Company, than with it.

Jov. Faith, Dear Sociable, were I to chuse my Company, I cou'd pick some of the best from out of these Men of the Robe, tho,' for the most part of them, Pride and Ignorance make them very unpleasant; but they have been the Subject of Satyr to too many far me to take notice of them, who

who value their Character more, than to discover the Nakedness of it by the Follies of some that bear it.

Pens. And with the Ministry, I wou'd dismiss the Souldiery, now more than half Apostolical Missionaries, Fighting for Religion in the Fields, as the other do in the Pulpit. But as 'tis Profane to lash the first, so 'tis

not safe to attack the latter.

Jov. They that blend Mars and Minerva together, or possess the latter in both her Capacities; for though their Conversation be either of Blood and Slaughter, of Escapes, Onsets, Rapes, Murders, Storming of Towns and Cupboards, Plundring of Cities, and Hen-Roosts; Stratagems, Sieges and Battles, Precedence of Squadrons, Punctillio's of Salute, whether with pulling off the Hat, or kissing the Sword, Duelling, and all the several ways of Destruction besides that of their own Personal Atchievements, else of their Amours; the difference of the Embraces of the Women of the feveral Nations they have purchas'd Honour and Renown in, the best Liquors, and the best Cheer each affords, will yet set up for men of Parts, and

Challenge the peaceable Name of Wits. But this I'll say for 'em, that they endeavour, where-ever they come, to repair the destruction they make of Mankind in the day time, with the Fair in the Night; but in that they follow the blind Dictates of Lust, not Thought, or Noble Passion; as they do of Interest, and Pay, not Honour in the Field: But for Wit and Learning, they ought no more to pretend to 'em, than they do to Conscience and Religion; but we must have a care of affronting the Men of the Blade,

For Bilbo's their Word, And Fighting's their Trade.

Penf. Let us therefore quit this end of the Town, with this satisfaction, that we can't find above four or five worth a Wise Man's Conversation; let us therefore Adjourn our Discourse to the City, and then take Horse for the Country, for I'm impatient 'till I'm there.

Fov. But before we pass to the City we must not forget a certain Species of Men call'd Sharpers, tho' they are a kind

kind of Amphibious Creatures, and partake of both parts of the Town; and these are divided into Bullies, and Knights of the Elbow: You wou'd, by the words of the first, take him for one of the Men of War, that he had ferv'd at least half a score Campaigns, and kill'd his Thousands; or that he was an Iniskilling-Man, and had eat half an hundred Irish Men for a Breakfast; for every word he speaks, threatens death; and every Oath that comes out of his mouth, gives a Report like a Cannon shot: But he has no more of the Souldier, but his Red or Blew Coat, to cover his Cowardise. This fort of Gentlemen we have already touch'd upon, as well as the other, call'd the Gamester, or Sharper, Knight of the Elbow, &c. and truly, their Elbows wag faster than their Tongues; Seven and Eleven, a Guinea on the Main, and such like, being the top of their Knowledge, except that sly sort of Rhetorick, by which they draw the Ignorant into their Snare, and fet them a Gaming; tho' that chiefly consists in preparing Incidents, not in Discourse, but in having a Box and Dice by chance found in the Room, or

a Pack of Cards; and so one or two of the same Kidney, understanding the Que, push on the humour of Gaming, till the Widgeon is Caught, and his Pocket empty, and Credit thrown away too. And having done with these Sparks, now let us proceed

to the City.

Soc. Gad, and I hope you'll find fomething there worth your thoughts, fince you can't relish the Gaity of the Beaux Esprits of Covent-Garden, the Court, not the Inns of Court. I fancy, Gentlemen, you so much Simpathize with their Gravity, that you'll discover by your Choice, the Incompetency of your Judgment in what you seem with the Air of so much Authority to decide.

Pens. Indeed, Mr. Sociable, if I may speak what I think, though, I confess, there are very sew worth ones Acquaintance, that is, for the sake of their Conversation; yet I am of Opinion, that the number of them far exceeds this end of the Town.—Give me leave to explain my self:—There the Members of the Royal-Society meet, and there many of them make their frequent Abode; yet I had rather

rather by much, have the Converse of their Works in my Study, than that of their Persons, at the expense of my Content, in living in this Town.

Jov. And as for the rest, Sociable, I will agree with you, they fall far short of this end of the Town; their Wits (tho one wou'd think it scarce possible) more abundantly dull than yours, their Authors more intollerable, and their general Conversation more senseless.

Pens. To begin with the Userers, through whose hands the Money, the

Life-blood of the City, passes.

Jov. Tho' I think they need not be reckon'd among the Conversible part of the City; a Pint of Ale all alone, or upon an extraordinary Bargain; half a Pint of Sack betwixt two, is the extent of their Expences, and Company, unless it be upon the Loan of Money, when they are Treated by the wretched Borrower; and then Mortgages, and Cent. per Cent. take up all their Discourses; with Scruples about Securities, hazards of Mortgages, Arguments for the reasonableness of Extortion, and a Declamation against the

Act for Six in the Hundred, and a-gainst the Extravagance of the Age, tho' they live by it; and in their real Sentiments, they wou'd rather have a Bill of Sale of the whole World made over to the Devil, than want five per Cent. of what they can any way screw out of the Necessitous.

Pens. Then for the Merchant, who Flourishes according as the Wind blows; all his Discourse is upon the rising or falling of the Markets, Complaints of the increasing Customs, Shipwrecks, and a thousand more for-

midable things.

Jov. If he have ferv'd any of his time beyond Sea, you shall have nothing (if you once put him upon it) but the Politicks and Amours of the Place he liv'd in; how Cuckoldom thrives in e'ry City, in spight of all the Guards of Jealousie, with some Badge or other of a Ladies Favour, which he wears in memory of the Lucky Adventure; tho' perhaps it was but with a poor believing Indian, or Courtezan of Italy.

Then for the rest of the Citts, they are too much employ'd in getting,

and supplanting their Neighbours, to pretend to any thing of Conversation.

Whilst up and down their several ways they run;
Some to undoe, and some to be undone.

As Sir John Denham has it in his Cooper's Bill; one is Complaining of the badness of Trade, the hardness of the Merchant, and the ill Payment of their Customers: Another of profound Politicks, and necessary Regulations of the Government; with Comments on the last Gazet, or Encomiums on the O fervator; and fuch wise Disquisitions. The Common-Council-Man is a Man of Authority, a Member of the City-Legislation; his Discourse is still upon the Liberties of the City, the Properties of the Citizens, or the Effects of some fine Speech of his, at the last Choice of Sheriff, Lord Mayor, or Chamberlain, or what other Occasion. The Alderman is a Peep higher, and a Magistrate of Jurisdiction, and, with his Deputies, makes no inconsiderable Figure in the World; but for Conversation you must expect none but the Portions, and and Jointures of his Daughters, the progress of his Trading, and how like Wittington, he came from a pair of old Shooes, to be of so August a Post in the Metropolis of England. As for the Masters of Halls, and their Dependants, they are much of the same dimensions in their parts, and are busi'd so much with the Interests and Advantages of their feveral Companies, that you must expect nothing else from them, unless, whose Daughter Danced with the most graceful motion, at the last Feast. As for Livery Men, Prentices, &c. they are undergraduates, or Seeds of these I have nam'd, and therefore dull as Heart can wish; and may in time be all Aldermen, if they break not their Necks, or Credit before they come to'r, the hopes or it making them not a little happy.

And thus much for your Coversations, Sociable, of the Town; which after this, I hope you'll be no more sond of, than a Plodding Citt is of good Poetry, a Lawyer of a Cause in Forma Pauperis, an Atheist of Death, or a Man of Honour of a Rascal. We'll therefore now consider your Diver-

tisements.

F

Soc. Hold there, Jovial, I must have my turn too, I have sate here with more patience to hear you out, than a Zealous Sister to hear the long Prayer of a Famous Holder Forth, or a young Girl in the Teens, to hear a Smutty Novel, or Play.

Jov. Or, rather than a young Spendthrift, the wholsom Advice of his Father, or Guardian—therefore,

Sir, proceed.

Soc. Well, then to take a view of your Country happiness, to let alone Quality, the Esquire is the God of his Tenants indeed, at a Christmas Feast, or at a Country Alehouse, when he's among them, but the very humble Servant of a Londoner, tho' of ne'er fo Mechanick a Profession; he understands the Price of Barley as well as a Farmer, or his own Lady-Wife; is betcer Skill'd in the Terms of Hunting and Hawking than his Huntsman, or Falk'ner; in the Diet and Medicines of Horses, than a City Farrier; but you may as well expect Modish Dres-sing from him, as Witty Discourse.

Penf. Flashy Discourse indeed he's 2 Stranger to, and so desires to be, he's for Solid Enquiries, as we have made Soc.

out already.

Sec. Pray no interruptions, sacet Sir, but give me the liberty you took—Then for the Gentleman of middle Estate; he thinks himself no less than Duke Stephano, Vice-Roy of the Island under Duke Trincalo, and will outrun his Paternal Estate meerly to Est and Drink with Lords, Raights, and Squires, and Pay as much as any, tho' he be fet but at the end of the Table, and have the bones to pick, and the bottom of the bottle for his Liquor; these are his Mistris, his Wife, and Children, for none elle does he regard. Then you have your Broken Gentleman, or Country Spunger, and he is worse than a Broken Shop keeper, tho' he live something more at large; one that wants Wit to live in the Town; he makes every Gentleman's House his home, 'cill he's abus'd by the Servants, because he cannot give them Money; the abuse is permitted by the Master to get rid of him. and so he leads a wretched life.

Jov. 'Till he takes to the War, Sociable, and then he's a Heroe, and P Wit here in London.

Soc. Your Pardon for that, Jovial, for he seldom rises above a Corporal,

F 2 or

being us'd to be kept under, his thoughts are not aspiring. Then for the Farmer, he understands nothing betwixt Heaven and Earth; but his Crop, his Cattle, and his Landlord; as for all above the Sky, as well as below the Earth, he's their most humble. I hope you'll not contend for the happinels of his Company? Then for your Country Trader, he's the Broker of the City, and takes off all the Damag'd Goods, the old Tawdry Rib-bons, and Silks, Gc. which go off at a good Price, to make the Country Gentlewoman Fine and Gaudy, that so she may make a notable figure, and a taring show the next Sunday in the Village-Church, and out-shine the Parson's Wife. I hope you are not over Ambitious of being Conversant with the Parts and Discourse of this Rank, unless, when you're oblig'd with your Ladies to go buye some New Cloaths, Ribbons, Oc. \_\_\_ The Plough man can only tell you what's a Clock by the Sun about Noon, without the help of a Sun-dial, and you wou'd take him to be of a Piece with the Cattle he drives, if he did not by

by his Speech convince you, that he understood you when you ask the Road of him, by an awkard direction, to send you two or three miles out of your way; and this is an Animal even below your diversion, one wou'd

imagine.

But I have forgot the Vicar and Curate, the Attorney, and Justice; the Vicar is a Spiritual Esquire, and has his Dependances as well as the Temporal; half a dozen poor tatter'd Curates I mean, who in Rags Preach and Pray for a Sallary of Twenty Pound per Annum, whilst the Doctor has four or five good Benefices; furbishes up his balmy Bedfellow, and Preaches as feldom as a Bishop makes a Visitation. And here, I confess, you generally meet with good Entertainment, the Effects of Effeminate Luxury, and perhaps with a Pleasant Drolling Companion in the Man of God; but the poor Curate is fair to form the poor Curate is fain to Spunge upon the Wealthier Sinners of his Parish, to eke out his Pennurious Allowance; is the Humble Servant of ev'ry one that Treats him with a Noggin of cool Nants; and if he declaims in a wretched manner against

F 3 Sin

Sin on Sunday, in the Pulpit, he makes the People amends for it all the Week, by giving them a Salvo of Fellow fee-

ling in their Frailties.

A. for your Country Attorney, he's no leis than my Lord Chancellour on a Market day in a Country Town, where at the best Inn he takes up his standing, whilst all the under Villages and Towns-men come to him for Redress; which he does to a T. for he never is an Arbitrator, but he improves the Cause into a Suit of Law, fetting all Parties together by the ears, to make up his own Market: And when by Litigious Suits of his own creating, he has from an ignorant Justices Clerk scrap'd together an Estate of Five, or Seven Hundred a year, he grafts his unworthy Progeny (for whom he fends himfelf to the Devil) into some Right Worshipful Family.

In thort, your Country Justice is the most formidable Man of his County, and Worthip appears in his Meen, and is given him by all the Country People: His very Clerk assumes the Authority of Deciding the lesser Debates, 'cill he arrives to the qualification

cation of an Attorney, and write himself Gentleman.

Jov. But the Country Justice, Sociable, goes not halves with his Clerks, as

some of your London Justices do.

Soc. No, gad, they are not so provident—and now upon this view I cannot see what advantage you have over us as to Conversation.

Jov. As you have represented it. indeed not much, except the innocence of it, which you have not been able to touch; but you have given things a far other face than they have, ev'ry one in the Country moves in his proper Sphere; the Yeomandry trudge on honestly in their several Vocations, without assuming the regulation of things above their Capacity, as yours do in Town; the Gentry pass their time in taking care of their Families, in innocent Divertisements, in Study and Conversation, agreeable to their several inclinations; without hurry and noise, or intrusions of such as they care not for; they have Pleasure and Profit in all their Actions, and Health and Estate to their Old Age; whereas you have none of these in your Town-life. For, let us confider

consider your Divertisements, and we shall find them full of expense, both of Time and Money as well as Health, and joyn'd inseparably to a hundred inconveniencies.

Jov. Why, what think you of Hide-Park, St. James's-Park, Islington-wells, the Walks of Grays-Inn, and Lincolns Inn, the Masks, Balls, &c. what can be more delightful than such a view of Glorious Beauties, Earthly Goddess: If your Woods, Groves and Fields be fine, are not ours more Excellent, bles'd with the presence of

so many Nymphs, and Deities.

Jov. Those Pleasures consist in an empty and tormenting sight at best, and only disturb ones quiet with wandring desires after one pretty Lady or other. As for the advantage of Hide-Park, it has none but what it borrows from the Country, which shews the Excellence of the Country, that your boasted City must be lest, when you seek for open Pleasures, and free breathing; for St. James's Park, and those other Places, 'tis such a Medly of Quality, and Whores, that 'tis hard to distinguish betwixt them; so that you may meet with an Age of Pain, for your Minutes

Minute's Pleasure. Islington-Wells are but a Three-penny Bawdy-house, or the Rendezvous of Assignation for the City-Wives and Mistresses. Masquerades are seldom frequented by any Lady of Vertue; so that it is but Hurry and Noise, where the Town-Jilts come Incognito, to pick up Cullies.

Soc. What think you of the Playhouse, the Coffee-houses, and Taverns?

Penf. What wou'd you go to the Play for? To fee a Whore that has Lain with all the Beaux of the Pit; nay, perhaps with ev'ry Player on the Stage, act a Virgin, or a Vertuous Wife?

Jov. Or to be dun'd all round with the impertinent Discourse of Beardless Fops to the Orange-Wenches, with Commodes an Ell high; and to the Vizor-Masks: of the Rake-Hells, talking loud to one another; or the perpetual Chat of the Noisy Coquets, that come there to get Cullies, and to disturb, not mind the Play. Or what Esseth has all the Plays upon you? Are not your Fops in the Pit and Boxes incorrigible to all the Endeavours of your Writers, in their Prologues and Epilogues, or the variety of Characters

that have been made to reform them? Tho a Play be a generous Diversion, yet 'tis better to read than see, unless one cou'd see it without these Inconveniences. Then for your Coffee-houses, to begin with those of the Wits, the two Brothers; thither the Jury of Wit retire from the Play, over a Dish of Politick and Poetick Tea or Coffee, Painters, Fidlers, Poets, Minor Authors, Beaux, and the rest of the illiterate Blockheads, promiseuously dissect the poor Play, to be sure to the Author's disadvantage; how good soever, or whatever Success it met with. This, indeed, is the Scene of the Wits, where a pert young Fop, fresh come from the University, with his Head fuller of Notions and Authors Names, than Sense, from seven Years poring over his Books, shall pass for a profound Scholar: The heighth of his Reading has been the Indexes of those Authors he talks of; a good Assurance and Pedantry establishes his Reputation; and he must be a Wit, if he can but prattle a little of Aristarchus and Homer, &c. in general Terms praising their Style, Descriptions and Deligns, to those that understand not one Word of them. Another, that under-

understands not so much English as to write a Billet-deux, shall, with the help of reading Mr. Rimer's Criticisms on the Plays of the last Age, the Translation of Rapine upon the Art of Poetry, and Mr. Creeches of Theocritus, and the Art of Writing Pastorals by the same Rapine, the Abbé Hedelin, Mr. Dryden's Estays of Drammatick Poesies, or some of his Prefaces, and some or one of these Authors, with a great deal of Confidence, give you Critical Observations on the Greek Poets; when all the Knowledge they have of them, is from the Labours of those I have mention'd, or else from some old, nonsensical Translations they have met with, which have serv'd a Patriarch's Age to the Library of Moore-fields, till discarded thence for the value of one single Penny.

Soc. I must confess, I ought not to have mention'd the Coffee-house, since you had declar'd your Prejudice against those that made up the Pleasure of

them.

Jov. Then, as for your other Coffeehouses, they are but a perpetual Hurry of News, Business, Politicks, Plots, Conspiracies and Battles; Medlies and Consusion of Sounds and Discourses.

Penj.

Pens. And for the Taverns, we have faid enough of them; and all that I shall add, is, that they are the Nurferies of Profaneness and Treason.

fov. The great Ones are the Rendezvous of the Rake-hells, and Beaux, and Sharpers, in their lewdest Sallies; the Lesser serve only for a private and ready Retreat with a little Punk, to sin cheaply, and do Penence with bad Wine for an ill-favour'd Sin.

Soc. What think you of Intrigue, Jovial? You have been as good at it, in your Time, as any of us; that is, a Pleasure worthy a Man, agreeable to his Nature, Love and Enjoyment.

Penf. Love, Sir, is so great a Folly, that I hope you'll not make it a fit Pleafure for a Man of Sense: 'Tis the most ridiculous of Passions, and fills the World with so numerous a Train of Fooleries, that I think every one that sees it shou'd turn a Democritus, and burst his Sides with Laughter. I have known a Gentleman, whose Age required Gravity, affect all the Gayety of a Cavalier of Twenty; nay, and exceed him too; and make Love to ev'ry Face he saw. These might be Diversion to the Lookers on, but I can't imagine it can be to to the Actors. 70v.

Jov. No, no, Cousin; we'll not exclude Love, it being one of the chiefest Blessings of our Life: But that Love is not in the Embraces of Harlots, but the Caresses of a vertuous Wife. The Punk shall, after a little time, bestow those Favours on another for Inclination, which she forces her self to give you for Interest. And such is the End of Intriguing, the Pursuit of one that is known to be a Whore, or who they think will easily be so, (besides the Disappointments, the Hazards, the Difeases, and the hundred other inconveniences that follow,) wou'd make any Man of Sense abhor it. If you go to Mrs. Br-n's, your Money can purchase you, 'tis true, a pretty and charming Creature; but Money shall carry her to a Hundred more, and has to a Thousand before, perhaps. But if you are for managing your Intrigue your self, without the Assistance of a Bawd, how many Hours, Days, and Nights; how many Pounds will it cost you, in Chase of some Jilt, perhaps; whom, when you obtain, shall, in a few Days, grow stale to, or weary of you? You pursue Noise and Nonsense, a painted Face, and a fine Mant; and meet

meet with a Fool, a Jilt, or the Pox. And so much for Intrigue; which, let them pursue that like it.

Soc. But what think you of Dancing, Fencing, and Tennis? They are inno-

cent and Manly Divertisements.

you may have them in the Country; and with them Hunting, Hawking, Courling, Shooting, Racing, Fishing, and a Hundred more; which you cannot imagine, who have not experienc'd them. The Country is the Seat of Plea-

fure, Health and Happiness.

Pens. A Country, retir'd Life was thought the best by Heaven, when it created Man and Woman in it; Happiness and Conversation consisting not in Community and Towns: And fo they liv'd, till the Villany of Humane Race increas'd with its Number; then Towns were but the Effect of their rapacious Desires, which oblig'd 'em, for Security, to unite into Bodies Politick, for Self-prefervation; which we being assur'd of under a Free Government, may retire, and make as near an Approach as possible, to our Primitive State of Innocence and Happiness.

Soc. Well, Gentlemen, I'll consider of what you have said; for you have given me an Idea of a Country-Life, far more excellent than I formerly had; and, since Pleasure is the Object of my Endeavours, I may chance, as soon as I have gain'd my little Sylvia, to try, at least, what Experience may do; and with this Satisfaction, that the Pleasures it brings will be new, and therefore more satisfactory.

you, Mr. Sociable, into our Societies, I warrant we keep you, beyond the power of this Senseless Town to out-rival us.

The End of the First Dialogue.

## THE

## Second Dialogue,

BETWEEN

Madam Townlove, and Madam Thinkwell.

## S C E N E, Madam 'Thinkwell's Chamber.

H my dear Thinkwell! How hast thou done this Age, since I saw thee?

Think. As well as the foggy, smoaky Air of this filthy Town, and the perpetual Hurry of the Streets would permit.

Town. Why, my Dear, thou art continually poring over a Book, like a Boy that must Con his Lesson perfectly, for fear of the furious, unrelenting Pedant, his Master.

Think.

Think. 'Tis the only Relici I have from the Noisy Impertinences which

every Day brings with it.

Town. As I live, my Life, my Dear, thou shalt cast off this unpleasant Seriosity, and with me to the Mall, all the Beaumond will be there to Night: How charming an Evening is here! It looks like a modest young Lover, serene and blushing; it bears a setled Brightness, without the least Cloud of Design. Therefore you shall along with me, my Dear.

Think. Pr'ythee, Madam Townlove, divert not my sedater Thoughts from the Contemplation of Wit and Reason, to such a Congregation of suttering Fops of Honour, Clumsy Bullies, Taudry Citts, Noisy Coquets, and the rest of the numberless Throng of my own Sex, the heighth of whose Follies are more tiresom to me, than one of our Modern Farces, or an Address from a Bean of Covent-Garden.

Town. Indeed thou art too Shagrin, my Love: For, what can be more delightful, than a View of all the most celebrated Beaux and Wits in Town; of so many fine, well-bred Gentlemen; and so many Beauties of our own Sex,

set off to their greatest Advantage, in the pleasantest Promenade in the World.

Think. With a Cloud of Dust, that rifes up above the very Trees, and excludes all the Sweetness of the Air-And then, what Pleasure can it be, to see a Throng of Fools, of both Sexes, walking up and down to shew their new Cloaths, like Children on a Holyday? To see the Women Casting about their affected Glances on every proper Man that passes 'em? To observe the Thousand Forms they put themselves into, to appear the more agreeable, and to gain the Reputation of a languishing Look, or a taking Air? To see the lewd Prostitutes of the Town walk Cheek-by-Jole with the Ladies of Honour? A City-Shop-Keeper's Journy-man, in a gay, Golden Waste-coat, walk Bare-headed, in the Rain or Wind, to the Ramp, his Master's Daughter, in imitation of Quality; and talk loud to her, as if he were a Wit, and excel-lent at the Art of Rallying; tho the Adventures of a stolen merry Bout, at a Cake-house in the Fields, with her, be the whole Subject of his Discourse? To see some of the receiv'd Wits of our

OWn

own Sex trace the Mall with such a boiting, bobling Gate, as if they meant to justle all they met, or were walking for a Wager; and this to be valu'd for a careless Mien?

tion, of any the Town affords.

Think. It may be so: I value not the Opinion of the Million, whose Thoughtless Fancies set up whom they please for Wits, and Well-bred Ladies .-Who can take pleasure to see a young Lord, drown'd in Peruke and Crevatstring, and just return'd from Travel, with the addition of Fop to the Fool he carry'd with him from home, make his open Address to some Superannuated Lady, with her Face dawb'd, at least half an Inch thick, with Paint, false Locks, and a gaudy Manto; or to a known Jilt, in a Strait-body'd Gown, like a Maid of Honour, set off with borrow'd Modesty; whilst the Rest affect as much her natural and necessary impudence? To see a grave old Matron walk with a Beardless, smooth-fac'd Boy, with all the Endearing Behaviour of a Defigning Harlot? To see, in fine, a ruddydy-fac'd, plump Divine, in his Silken Robes, cast the Deux-yeux on a young, pert, blooming Girl, as she passes; and watch her closer, till the Dusk of the Evening, than his good Lord Bishop's Levy, upon a vacant Benefice in his Gist, tho he have two or three before; and then endeavour to prove the Lawfulness of Fornication to her, from a Verse of Leviticus, or a Mystery of the Revelations.

Town. Come, come, Thinkwell; you have had your gayer Days; you relish'd these Delights of Youth, as well as I do now.

Think. The Experience of those Days has made me nauseate all the Follies you Fancy now, for want of Judgment. How can it please thee to view the Discascs of the Mind, when thou wou'dst turn away thy Head from the sight of a fore Finger, or scab'd Nose; tho far less offensive in its Nature? Canst thee with pleasure see my rich Lady Bounce receive the publick Ceremony of Complement and Address from Young Mr. Shape, and confess her apparent Belief of all the Praises he gives her Beauty, tho she Squint, has a Hump-Back, Bandy-Legs, a Hawk-Nose, a wide Month, Rotten

Rotten Teeth, and a Face full of Pochholes, of the Colour of her Livery, Orange-Tawny? Or to hear her Satyrically find fault with this Lady for being Crooked, that for her Fomely Face, and t'other for some other Defect which is notorious in her Canst thee walk behind Madam Fatty, and with pleasure hear her find fault with all the Shapes she passes, tho she her self be as thick as long, and wou'd make one think she design'd to bring in the Fashion of the Farthingale again? Or canst thee, with patience, see that Lord's Daughter tofs back ber Head on her Shoulders, and laugh so loud, that the half of the Mall shall stop, and turn about, to gaze on her? Or this fingle Lady Courts'ing to ev'ry Fop she meets, as if she wou'd court the Reputation of a common Whore? But it wou'd be endless to run over all the Impertinencies, and intolerable Follies, the Mall ev'ry Night presents to our view: There's scarce a Person comes there, but contributes his or her Share towards the making up their Number infinite. I'm resolv'd I won't give my self so very unpleasant a Penance, without any other Reason than bare Complaisance

plaisance to your Desire, since there are enough to be found that will be pleas'd to pals their idle Hours with you, where e'er you'll go. If you want a Foil, as, indeed, 'tis generally the Care of you young Ones, now-a-days, to get one that's Ugly, or Old, to set your Faces off to the better advantage, there's my Lady Youthlove will fit you to a Hair; who delights in Love, tho she be an Antidote; and will rather do a good Turn for another, than not have a hand in an Intrigue; who loves all the Reforts of Company, and revels in the Delight of perpetual Chat, and is continually at the Park, Plays, or Masks.

Town. Nay, pr'ythee, my Dear, don't be so morose: I prosess, I meant no such thing, only the Enjoyment of thy dear Company; for if I had, I shou'd have been mightily deceiv'd, and have prov'd the Foil my self; for you can't think your self ugly or old, I'm sure, since you are not much past Thirty, and have all the taking Charms you had ever since I knew you, and which brought you so many Adorers. Therefore, my Dear, you must go with me to the Mall.

Think. I design'd not to bespeak your Praises, sweet Lady, but only excuse

my self from what I can't abide, Noise, and Nonsense, the Crop which that

place affords in abundance.

Town. If the Mall be your Aversion, my Dear, we'll to Hide Park; 'tis time enough, if you go immediately; my Mother's Coach is below, and shall carry us, to make a Figure in the Ring.

Think That has the better Reputation, I grant; but that Diversion suits not my Humour; the formal Bows, the affected Smiles, the filly By-words, and amorous Tweers in palling, makes it up all Grimace aud Ceremony. I am impatient when I see this Thoughtless Lord loll back in his Chariot, and now and then smile when his Friend, the Wit, whom he has honour'd with his Company, breaks some abominable lest on these Horses, or that Harness, or that solitary Lady, with ber Woman, instead of better Company, leaning in an inviting, languishing Posture, as if she wanted the Opinion of the Ring. that the's in Love, or alleep. Besides, 'tis, methinks, a ridiculous Whim, to ride round a Circle, like Boys and Girls Treading the Figure of Eight in the Fields: You have little Benefit of the Air, unless in your Passage thither; all the

the Wat'ring scarce being able to lay the Dust the Horses and Coaches raise: So that I cannot imagine what the Design is, unless to shew their fine Horses, and new Coaches: But that can't be e'ery Night's Business, and I hate solemn Trisling, to put my self to all that formal Trouble to no Purpose, and for no End; they who have nothing else to employ themselves with, may do as they please; but I am never so over-loaded with Time and Idleness, as to sling it away on nothing.

Town. Why, my Dear, is Diversion a Flinging away Time? To be continually employ'd, is to tire both Mind and Body, and to render your self less capable of a Benefit from your serious

Hours.

Think. Diversion, I confess, is necessary; but I can never esteem that so, which contributes so much, with its abounding Impertinencies, to my Dissatisfaction. Besides, Diversion ought to be something that is not a mere idle Interval of Thought, to forget ones self for a few Hours: It has its End; which is, Recreating the Mind and Body, either by the fresh Air, in a Coach, in the open Fields, which you have not

in Hide-Park; or a necessary Exercise of the Body, by a gentle Walk, without Noise and Hurry; or a prudent Conversation, tho that be almost impossible to be purchas'd in this Town, where promiscuous Company meet even in the Ladies Chambers.

Town. Thou art as nice in thy Diversions, my Dear, as some Ladies are in their Lovers; and 'tis well you have not the same Fate, to chuse the worst at last. Are you then for the Walks of Grays-Inn, or those of Lincolns-Inn? There you need fear no Dust, nor yet

so much Company.

Think. But that that is there is worse.— Young Clerks, or Gentlemen-Students of the Inn, as Ignorant in Address as Law, and yet plaguing every one they meet with both; more impertinent than Players, when they set up for Beanx and Wiss: Solid Counsellors, with their Heads sull of Law-Cases, making their Court in form, and by Precedent; as tedious, and as little to the purpose, as their Bills in Chancery: Grave Judges, who come to Air their Consciences, or their Spouses, after a good Bribe, or a good Supper, taken in its proper Season; with all

the Train of pretty Misses, who have the several Faces of several of his Richer Clients, before he gain'd the Ermin: Alsatian Bullies, that dare not venture so far out of their Province of Security, as the Park, by Land, and have not Stock enough to reach White-Hall in a Sculler; who come by the Instinct of Necessity, more than Love, to meet a generous Holbourn-Wife, an Attourney's forward Daughter, or a believing Semstress; or a Fullers-Rents-Widow, with a Flower'd Petticoat, all be-daub'd with Silver and Gold Fringe and Galume; a Face like the Saracen's-Head, dress'd up in a Topping Commode; arms bigger than her Gallant's Legs, which have not yet lost their primitive Colour of the Kitchen. In short, The only Advantage these Places have above the Park, is but an Increase of Scandal and Impertinence, without the Face of Quality, to give it a better Reputation.

Town. This Living in the Country, my Life, has perverted thy gayer Humour, and made thee so Spleenatic, that thee canst not endure the brisker Delights of the Town, which is full of Variety, which one wou'd think were

the most agreeable to a Woman. I'm sure, I have a much better Relish of the Parks and Walks, than you profess. Hide-Park, methinks, is August, and Great; and there you Ride in State, with the Ladies of the first Quality.—

Think. Much of a Nature, in my

Mind, of a Quakers Silent Meeting.

Town. O fy, fy! Never undervalue your Judgment so, my Dear. Then for St. James's Park: The fancy'd Revels of a Romance, when all the Heroes and Ladies of the Book meet, is not more pleasant in the Idea, than this is in Reality. There the fighing Lover comes, to pay his publick Tribute to her he adores: And then, if one be handsom, what a Pleasure must it beto carry away the Eyes of all the Mall, from the rest of the envying Ladies? To have as many Hats off to one, and the general Respect, as if the Queen pass'd along; with the additional Satisfaction, to hear this handsom Man swear, she's handsom; that Wit vow, she's the most delicious Creature he e'er beheld; this Lord swear, that she merits an Empire for her Beauty? To see every one that has ever been in her Company G 2 fo

fo proud of her Acquaintance, as to make publick Acknowledgments of it by a Bow, as often as she passes? A Woman that is singular for any Perfection in Dress, Mien, or Person, can't

fail of Pleasure and Reputation.

Think. Reputation indeed! But such a one, poor Lady, that ought to be avoided, with all the Caution in the World; and I am forry to find you fo pleas'd with that which must prove your Ruin, if you persevere in the Humour. But thee art yet young, and hast Beauty enough, without the help of Art, to merit a better Fate than to be a Prostitute to ev'ry Pretender; for so the World will judge of fuch as make Advances to all they meet; and one had better merit it for our Worldly Happiness, than have it. Thou hast too yet, I hope, a Rest of Reputation, not to fright away a serious and honou-rable Pretender. Leave therefore this lewd Town, where no young Woman that is pretty, is safe, either from the Tongues, or Attempts of the Men.

Town. What, my Dear! Wou'd you have me live perpetually in the Country, mew'd up in my House, like a Bird

in a Gage; confulting my Receipt-Book, and making Medicines for the Scald-Heads, and Broken Shins of my Husband's Tenants? Or, at most, to make Conserves of Red Roses, for my decaying, Consumptive Husband; Marmalade, and other Sweet-Meats, to entertain the Farmers or Parsons Wives? Or two or three times a Year, perhaps, the distant Justice of Peace, his formal Spouse, and Daughters, that are in their Bibs and Aprons in the Teens? Or, after a Feast, to withdraw as soon as Grace is said, with the Country Gentlewomen, to discourse of the best Plaister for a green Wound; whilst the Men are up to the Ears in clumfy Obscenity, and Strong Beer, or nasty Claret? Then, when one goes out, ones folitary Garden, or the adjoining Park, or Field, is the Extent of ones melancholy Walk; an impertinent visit, the Extent of ones Pleasure; and ones Husband's Relations, or Parson's Company, the Extent of ones Conversation. As I live, my Dear, I shou'd grow the veriest Mope in the World, if I shou'd forsake this Town I shou'd be always thinking.

Think. You are in a pleasant Dream at the best, and sear Waking: But since I find this Sleep, however delightful, will turn to a Lethargy, I am bound, in Love to thee, to wake thee. Is it therefore an Unhappiness to be always thinking? Give way but to Thought, and Reason will soon render the Town more nauseous to thee, than thou think's it now desirable: You see what your great Diversions are already, by what I have said.

Town. Oh, my Dear! you have not consider'd half our Diversions here in Town; all our Life long is Diversion and Pleasure? What think you of the Play, of Visits, of Dress, of Gaming, of Love and Intrigue; nay, our very Devotion too is not unpleasant, the Churches affording such a glorious sight

of the Beau Mond.

Think. For your take, fweet Lady, I'll consider these several things as you propos'd 'em, tho' I can't tell where the happiness is, to have ones whole day taken up in Trisles, and Night in Sleep, the life of meer Bruits. First then, as for the Play, if you go purely to be diverted with the Entertainment of the Stage (provided it be none of our sense.

fenfeless new Farces, which are compos'd of nothing but awkardLewdness, and unnatural Characters) if you apprehend things aright, 'tis the best Diversion the Town affords; for the Comedies (I mean the best of them) will Instruct you in the follies of your Sex, the faiseness of the Men, besides other necessary Lessons for your Behaviour, and Conversation; and Tragedy raise in you a just value of Vertue. But if you go into the Box, where often a Whore perks it in the face of Quality, to entertain an Address from a Fop just under you in the Pit; to Courtesie to all the Pit round for half an hour after you come in; if you go into the Pit in your Vizor, to rally this Fool, and 'tother gay Sot, to talk fo loud in the Play time, that you disturb half the House; 'tis only to expose your self to the talk of the Town, and the Censure of e'ry Prating Coxcomb; or putting your felf in an unnecessary danger of having your heart misled by a Criminal and Fatal Passion, for one that will make no other advantage of it, but your Ruine: For you can never think an Amour began in a Vizor in the Play-house, will ever G 4

end in the Church. But what can be more abfurd than the Custom of some young Ladies, who, for a Diversion, mingle with the Whores of a lower Rank in the Gallery, for the sake of Banter, as they pretend; that is, to engage with the impertinent Chat of a City Prentice with a borrow'd Sword, or my Lord's Butler. In short, with the lower Class of Sharpers, Bullies, Cullies, and Serving-Men; drunken Rakes, and dirty Bean's, Sportive Players, and Clumsy Victuallers; bessides a number of undistinguishable Mob.

Town. I'm glad, my dear, that you approve of Plays, which you have not

in the Country.

Think. Tho' we have 'em not Acted, we may read them without the temptations of the Pit, which is better; and then we cull 'em, and trouble not our felves with such as are not worth reading.—Next for your Visits.—

Town. Ay, my Dear, I hope you will allow us some Pleasures here in Town; what therefore do you think

of our Visits?

Think. They are feldom well cull'd, those from the Men impudent and assuming, assuming, from the Women impertinent. And you must sit by the hour to hear this Lady with an affected noise rally all the absent she or you know; fancying her self to have abundance of wit, because she talks much, and ill of e'ry body; or to hear another praise all the Sparks she saw last night in the Mall, or Drawing-Room, and describe all the Manto's and Petticoats that were there (tho' there are sew guilty of that good natur'd folly of speaking well of e'ry one) to hear this Old Lady that will let nothing be mention'd but the Intrigues of her younger days, or at least the many Adorers she has had, least the many Adorers she has had, and the several effects of their desperate passions; or what Stratagems the four Husbands she has already Bury'd, us'd to obtain her Ladyships reserved affections; not omitting many times those of fifty times the number of Gallants; and tho' she be in her Kingdom, when you talk of Love, yet she'll never permit any mention of any of your Modern Amours into Competition with those of her days; and tho' she can't act them over again, she'll have the Va-G 5 nity

pity to make you see she wants not the desire, tho' she does the power. To hear that Coquet tell you all the News of the Town, who loves who, what Adventure happen'd to such a Lady last night, what Loves are false, and who the fittest to be trusted with a Lady's Favours; fairly intimating, that all the Company she keeps, is only to find out one she may entrust with her heart, and looser wishes; and there she is generally deceiv'd, and quits the Stage as she has acted on it, with noise and affectation, with a loud Report, and rotten Credit, if not Person, and a Crasse Fortune, with a Painted Face to keep up the Opinion that she has been Handsome, though Unfortunate. This Lady for the Reputation of a good humour'd Woman, will be perpetually laughing and talking; that, to pass for Virtuous, will be eternally railing at Vice in Company, condemning this or that Lady by name, never reck'ning detraction in the number of Vices, tho' it commit as great a Murther as a stab in the heart, killing the good Name and Reputation, which has no Resurrection. And indeed these Publick lick Decoys are compounded of affected Carriage, Confident Discourse, Mighty Pretensions, and Excessive Cenforiousness.

Town. But, my Dear, we have Friends, intimate dear Creatures, that unbosome all their Secrets to one.

Think. Ay, and to e'ry one they know, you are not oblig'd to their Confidence in you for that, but their natural weakness, who can let nothing be secret they know, tho' it concern themselves: Besides, by this intimacy, they gain your good Opinion, as Friends in whom you may conside, and so furnish them with talk for the next intimate Friend they come to, that is all their Acquaintance; if you tell 'em any Secret of your own, 'tis so no longer than they are in your Company; soon after they are gone, they whisper it to one, and to another, 'till it rebound to your self again by a third dear Friend, to consirm her interest with you.

Town. As I live, my Dear, that's true, for I told Mrs. Fondall, I thought my young Lord Easy was in love with me, as a great Secret, and I had

it in three days time from his own mouth, which put me to the blush, I profess, and made me so asham'd, that I cou'd not go to the Mall in a Week.

Think. Then for your Male Visi-

tors.

Town. As you love me, my Dear, don't exclude us from Conversing with

Mankind, Oh! 'tis so Natural.

Think. Tis too Natural, or at least too Customary; which some are of Opinion is all one: But besides their Follies and Impertinencies, they bring danger in their Visits; and one can scarce admit of one Man of a thousand, without exposing ones Name to be the Discourse of all the Companies he keeps; they generally watch your Eyes, and will give an account of e'ry glance, from innocent Looks drawing what Conclusions they please; they are living Libels, that make it their business to Observe and Enquire into e'ry little minute Circumstance of ones Behaviour, making a judgment from thence; and for their diversion in the next Company they come into, tell that for certain, which is only the Child of their Imagination. If on any Occasion one whisper, 'tis certainly Intrigue; if one look on 'em'tis Love, and Admiration, and the impatient effect of Desire: If one do not, 'tis still Love, only shame will not let one behold the Object of ones conceal'd Passion, without discovering it. If one is uneasie at the intolerable Nonsence of their Discourse, 'tis still the effect of Others, that have once got an Acquaintance with one, will pursue one to e'ry Place one goes to; the Park, the Mall, the Visits one makes, the Plays, the Drawing-Room, or whereever it is, shall be sure to find the diligent Fops, and then they'll talk to one whether one will or no; and never look on one but with the most Languishing Dying Eyes; 'till having publish'd their Passion, and shew'd a hundred impudent Familiarities with one in e'ry place; the world suspect ones Reputation, which always improves a suspicior into a conclusive Judgment; and 'tis well if their importunity gain not ones self into the Design against ones self; for the that will (and few but do) give opportunities of address, will not always be able to relift.

Town. You will not fure Condemn all Conversation, is Visiting so Criminal?

Think. Yes, as in use now in Town, where 'cis generally only on design both in Men and Women, though I know some Ladies make their Houses like the Change at Noon, or the Drawing-Room at the King's Livee, or Couchee, full of hurry and Company; like my Lady Townly in Sir Fopling Flutter, they are such lovers of noisy Conversation, and News. I am of Opinion 'tis better Conversing with the Dead than the Living of that Sex; both because 'tis saser, and affords more Pleasure, because more Wit. And as for your Pleasure of Dressing, I can never imagine it recompences the Pain; for what fretting and fuming is there, if a Point be ill walh'd, Knots and Commode spoyl'd in the making up, besides the daily pennance of sitting three or four hours under your Maids hands, with the supernumerary plague of her nonsensical Chat; and all this meerly for the enjoyment of these benefits I have run through, and the remaining one of Love and Intrigue, which which is the filliest, and most perni-

cious of all.

Town. Oh, my Dear, never speak against Intrigue, 'tis the pleasantest thing in the World to banter the Men with the thoughts of what a passion we have for them; put them to the expence of Treats, and Bribes to ones Servants, and then make em wait a hundred assignations, and disappoint them in all; yet still keep 'em in chase of you as long as you please, and put them off at last, when they have spent so many solicitous Days, and watchful

Nights after you.

Think. Ah! thou art as much out in thy Politicks, as a Nigardly Father is, in thinking to restrain the Profuseness of his Spendthrift-Son, by lessuing his allowance, as long as there are any of those kind Gentlemen in Town, that have the good nature of Stiffead to supply his wants; for Men are not so easily deluded in their pursuits of an Amour, which when you once ingage in with them, they foon become Masters, and as soon as obtain'd, slight and scorn you; and like Dorimant in Sir Foplin Flutter, esteem a Quarrel with

an Old Mistriss, next to the coming to a good understanding with a new. Perhaps they give some Publick affront, or ruine a Lady's Reputation for a jest, or the Vain-glory of being thought successful in their Amours. Rather than want a Quarrel, they'll pretend falseness on your side, and lay an imagi-nary Intrigue to your Charge, that they may feem the more Innocent, and the more plaulibly break off. then the Consequence of this is perhaps a Child, and to be cast off by your Relations, forc'd to Prostitute your felf for a Living, or Marry some Foot-man, or Souldier, follow the Camp, and dye in an Hospital; at best in an old tatter'd Manto, carrying news about, from one Acquaintance to another, for a Meals-meat, and a Glass of Wine. If there be any thing delightful, 'tis but shore, and full of Fatigue, and attended with certain ruine of Fortune and Fame. The Women need not feck their undoing themselves, as they do, for the Men lay Stratagems enough to ruine 'em The Indian-Women, the Sempsires, and others that you buye any thing of, are often employ'1 ploy'd to betray you to the Conversation of those who want but opportunity to perswade you to your Ruine. Bawds are now Company for Ladies of Quality, and by their Garbs and Dependants can't be distinguish'd; so that there is no Place nor Company secure for a Handsome Woman, single, or marry'd in this Town; the more Innocent, the more easily betray'd by these Cunning Traders in Intrigue.

Town. You amaze me, my Dear, in your account of things; and I begin to

fear all my Acquaintance.

Think. Nourish that fear, and it will be the Parent of thy happiness.

Town. But you have forgot Ga-

ming.

Think I wish all my Sex had forgot it too; not that I disallow an innocent diversion at Cards, as we Play in the Country for imall Sums; but as 'tis us'd here in Town, 'tis only the most certain way of Ruine; especially when you Play with Men, who will be fure, either to Cheat you into their Debts, beyond the power of Payment, that they may secure your Person to their

their wills, or else let you get of them, with hopes to oblige you to consider their complaisance another way. Laftly, for the Church, to the Scandal of Religion: Indeed 'tis made a place of assignation, or at best, a Place where the Ladies come to gain Proselytes to their Charms, and divert their Thoughts from Devotion to Heav'n, to themselves. And among their extraordinary Fits of Devotion, they shall have such Amorous Pangs for Heav'n, that one wou'd think they meant to let the Church see how sweet they shou'd look in the Extasses of Love. I wou'd have thee therefore to leave this Town, that is the ruine of Youth, Health, and Fortune of both Sexes, especially of ours; I am for the Country within these three days, and shall be glad of your Company.

Town. I'll consider of what you say, which has had this effect on me already, as to divert me from my Walk in the Park, and of farther Conversation with the noisy part of my Acquaintance; and so, my Dear, adieu

to thee.

Think.

Think. Adieu, sweet Madam, and remember this, that the Town is but a Medly of Hypocrisse, Nonsense, Design, Ill Nature, and Ruine; without any Substantial Pleasure.

#### FINIS.

#### To the Critical READER.

Hese are humbly to desire you in the Name of the Author, Booksellers, and Printers, Parties Concern d in this Book, to take your Pen and Ink, and Correct these following Errours, to save your self a Fit of the Spleen.

Dage 2. line 5. add to't. page 4. l. 21. for Knight, read Jovial. p. 9. l. 15. dele Knight. p. 10. l. 23. for Preaching, r. Poaching, p. 12, 1, 23, for Solitudes, r. Sollicitudes. p. 15. l. 13. for attribute, r. contribute. p. 21. l. 22, for later, r. late. p. 22. l. 26. dele their. p. 31. l. 20. dele of. l. 25. for Tom Wrains, r. Tom Urwins. p. 36. l. 3. for Common-Law-Book, r. Common-Place Book. p. 37. l. 20. for his, r. their 1. 22. for his, r. their. 1. sels. for were, r. was. p. 38. 1. 1, for Rascals, r. Rascal. 1. 12. dele they, and the Comma. p. 39. 1. 25. for presumption, r. persecution. p. 40. 1. 5. for Chat-. ting, r. Chattring. p. 47. l. 9. for Entity. r. Entities. p. 49 1. II. for lewd, r. lewdeft. p. 50. 1. ult. for Man, r. room. P. 57. l.s. for they meet, r. he meets. p. 58. l. 13. for Beaus, r. Beaux. p. 59. l. 16. for Tom Wraines, r. Tom Urwin's. p. 60.1. 26, for Rake-hellonims, r. Rakelorums. p. 61. L 13. for they, r. he, for flick, r. flicks. p. 65. l. 26. for this, r. their. 1. 14. for that, r. of. p. 70. 1. 16, for him, r. their.

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